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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1860.

REVIEWS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRUSES OF
THE LEBANON.*

THIS is an exceedingly well written little book. It owes its origin to Lord Carnarvon's travels in Asia Minor eight years ago. His recollections of scenery and incidents are fresh and interesting; and he has, moreover, kept up a careful and accurate acquaintance with the literature that of late years has grown up around his subject. Indeed, Lord Carnarvon's account of the composition of his book strikes us as being scarcely an adequate one, that, "written amidst many interruptions, it owes its existence to a few hours of leisure during the two last months." A nobleman of so much ability and promise, would have too much respect for his reputation to come as an author before the public with this extremely slender degree of preparation. It bears the unmistakable marks of much more thought, reading, and memory than this language would indicate. Nevertheless, a certain hastiness of composition, somewhat at variance with the clear, polished style, is betrayed by the rather sketchy and fragmentary treatment of the subject. However, the book is no contemptible epideiris of powers that are competent to deal much more fully with much more important topics. Lord Carnarvon fully maintains his old Christ Church renown for classical attainments, and often enlivens his pages by apposite allusions to ancient literature. To this is partly to be attributed an amount of digression which is unnecessary and unsatisfactory. For instance, among a variety of similar instances, the noble writer discusses in a very brief note the question of the Greek Sophists. It is perfectly manifest that the Sophists have nothing in the world to do with the Druses, and that as an irregular contribution to this important question in literary history these few lines are quite valueless. It is, moreover, somewhat misleading to refer for a settlement of the point to Thirlwall's "Greece," and to ignore the recent writings of such men as Mr. Cope and Sir Alexander Grant.

Lord Carnarvon notices, and seems to assign some weight to the theory, that gives the Druses a Christian and Frankish origin. Old Sandys, the traveller, tells us that they were the subjects of Godfrey of Bouillon, who were driven into the mountains by the Saracens, but could never be exterminated. Remembering the case of the Christians who took refuge in the mountains of the Asturias from the power of the Moors, we cannot credit the possibility of such a deterioration. We have also a repetition of Burckhardt's statement, that the Druses think there are a number of Druses in England. Mosheim seems to think that this countenances the idea of a Frankish origin; but as the Druses have the same idea of the Chinese—a fact which Lord Carnarvon neglects to give—its value is materially lessened. It is very remarkable that the Druse is probably the only faith where proselytism is directly discouraged. We have a spirited account, though rather too brief, of Hukun, the Fatimite caliph, who was the author of the system. Lord Carnarvon somewhat rhetorically says, "he lived a madman, he ruled a tyrant, and he died an impostor." This strikes us as being rather illogical; for if

* *Recollections of the Druses of the Lebanon, and Notes on their Religion.* By the Earl of Carnarvon. (London: Murray.)

Hakun was a madman, he ought to be acquitted of being an impostor. After he had been caliph for many years, it was proclaimed by a fanatic to the turbulent mob of Cairo, that their tyrant was the incarnation of the spirit of God. Davazi was the name of the promulgator of the new creed who laid its foundations on the mountains of the Lebanon. The fate of this man has been truly singular. He was driven into exile, and probably murdered by his countrymen, and is an object of execration in their histories; yet he was the founder of their faith, and has stamped his name upon the nation. It is, however, to Homzé, the Persian mystic, that it has owed its vitality of eight hundred years. This appears to be mainly due to a system of eclecticism. The religion is both exoteric and esoteric. Both the Mohammedan and the Shiite, the mystical sects of the Sufi, and the strange creed of the Ansayrii, found points of similarity and attraction. But when the neophyte has attained a certain stage of progress, he finds that even their books are entirely resolved into the deep meanings and dark sayings of a bewildering system of mysticism and allegory. All positive precepts become doubtful phrases; the convert considers himself emancipated from all moral obligations. The Druses have thus attained a bad pre-eminence for utter perfdy. The Druse theology has also been coloured both by Christianity and heathenism. The old Magian creed is to some extent reproduced. Some features of the Gnostic and Manichean heresies are revived.

To the various charges brought against the Druses of secret orgies and hidden abominations, connected with an obscene ritualism, Lord Carnarvon appears to attach but little credence. Most probably he is right. Such charges are made with haste, and are not refuted with ease. It will be remembered that the Romans advanced very similar imputations against the Christians, and the Christians against the heretics. The general character which, notwithstanding all drawbacks, we feel disposed to attribute to these mountaineers, is opposed to the idea. These people are not wanting in the life and freedom which in all ages have belonged to the dwellers on the mountains. The men are brave, and the women are handsome. It would be a thousand pities if these mountain regions should be transferred by the Western Powers to the feeble and demoralising sway of the declining Moslem.

Lord Carnarvon's last chapter is the result of careful consideration on the present chequered aspect of European politics. He points out how the Syrian question is in fact only part of much larger questions. The late disturbances, from one point of view, are, as it were, but a far-outward wave from the recent commotions in our Indian empire. Lord Carnarvon seems to have a keen philosophic insight into those laws which not imperceptibly govern human history. He sees here, moreover, that conflict of races and modes of life which is evermore continuing, although the huge results are only manifested at vast intervals of time. He points out how the present crisis, under the management of the French, may prove the foundation of a vast Eastern complication. The Lebanon is the key of Syria, and Syria is the key of Egypt. We remember the incalculable importance which the elder Napoleon, in his dreams of aggrandisement, attached to the possession of Egypt. He thought it would enable him to found in the East an empire like that of Aurungzebe, as he had in the West an empire like that of Charlemagne.

The nephew is faithful to the traditions of the old empire. Lord Carnarvon has done wisely in concluding his book with a statesmanlike warning against the apathy of statesmen.

We wish Lord Carnarvon had expanded his remarks on the desertion of ancient principles involved by the adoption of Turkey into the family of European nations. It was a maxim of the old system that the Moslem should be excluded from the councils of Christendom. Robertson has described the scandal which arose in Christendom when for the first time the lilies of France were united with the crescent of Mohammed against the towers on which stood the cross of Savoy. The alteration has been fruitful of evil of the most serious magnitude, from which we may yet have to gather bitter results. Our remarks on this, as well as on various Druse subjects, are necessarily of a very limited and imperfect character, herein very adequately representing the book under review. Lord Carnarvon incidentally mentions Mr. Wortabet's book, which we noticed at some length some time ago. Mr. Wortabet's work is as superior in fulness of information to the work before us as it is inferior to Lord Carnarvon's scholarlike and pleasing style; and therefore, we are sorry to think, will not attain its deserved popularity. If we might venture to give counsel to the noble author, it would be to avoid the temptation to which men of well stored and retentive memories are peculiarly liable, through the influence of the association of ideas, to diverge into topics extraneous to the real business of their subjects. What is lost in desultory interest is gained in the simplicity, purity, sincerity of the treatment. We shall be very happy to meet the author again. In reading of these regions, among the many writers who at this momentous time are treating of them, we long in vain for the splendid genius which elaborated the story of the "Talisman," or the magnificent talent which has portrayed the Syrian travels of "Tancred." We are quite disposed to accept, under the circumstances, in the place of such, the eminently well written and interesting pages of such a writer as Lord Carnarvon. Our readers will thank us for subjoining a specimen of the book:—

"One of the most remarkable spots near Deir el Kammar is the Palace of Ebteddin, where the Emir Beschir, for more than twenty years the prince and suzerain of the Lebanon, held his mountain court. The palace, with its long castellated curtain, crowns the summit of a conical hill, which stands boldly out into the valley, and up which the road winds in steep and irregular ascents. Labour and expense have not been wanting, for a considerable part of the hill is of artificial construction, and the water by which the vast pile was once supplied is brought in conduits from a distance of many miles. On two sides of the 'Meidan,' or tilt-yard, where the best cavaliers of the Lebanon played at the jereed, and often not less than a thousand horsemen mustered as the Emir's escort, the palace rises on long lines of colonnades. Here but a few years since marble shafts shone bright, and marble pavements were wet with the spray of fountains, till successive travellers declared that there was no place in Syria to compare with the splendour and luxury of Ebteddin. On its third side the meidan terminates abruptly in a steep and almost precipitous declivity, and the eye wanders at will over a wide theatre of hill and valley, rich vegetation, and mountain peaks still gailed with the winter's snow, till it rests at length on the distant waters of the Mediterranean.

"It is difficult to conceive a nobler site or a more princely monument of feudal suzerainty; but the feelings to which the scene gives rise are melancholy. As in the Oriental fiction of Aladdin's palace, the stately creation of a single prosperous lifetime, with its evidence to the power and magnificence of a great mind, is vanishing almost as rapidly as it has arisen. One generation will perhaps witness its

construction and decay, and the next will know its place no more.

"Two squalid sentries by the dismantled gateway, and a couple of Turkish regiments, regular only in their dirty and unsoldierlike condition, had converted these princely halls into a ruinous barrack, and had replaced the feudal levies of the mountain chivalry, which in their irregular but picturesque array once thronged the divans of the great Emir. The genius of wanton destruction was fast seconding the ravages of wind and weather: the marble pavement, with its inlaid colours, was torn up in sport, the fountains were dry or broken, the gardens destroyed, the graceful arabesques and paintings were fast perishing, and the massive gilding of the ceilings crumbled under the influence of rain or storm as it beat down through rents in the roof, which a few hours' labour once would easily have restored, but which now by neglect were fast yawning into irreparable ruin. Eleven or twelve years had elapsed since the Emir's fall, and now the bath and a few rooms preserved for the accommodation of the officers and soldiers were alone fit for use. But as it is now, so it always has been, and it is curious, though sad, to trace through every age of Turkish sovereignty the same unvarying characteristics. In the time when Maundrell visited Syria, the magnificent palace of the Druse Emir Fakreddin was in the same stage of decay as now is, or was in 1853, the palace of Ebteddin. 'The best sight' then in that stately mansion was the orange garden, with its graceful architecture mingling with the golden fruit: but the picture was fast dissolving, and Maundrell says 'the Turks have so little sense of such refined delights, that they use it now as a fold for sheep and goats.'"

CONCERNING SOME SCOTTISH SURNAMES.*

"WHAT'S in a name?" asks Juliet, and implies that it is a mere airy nothing. A name, however, is a momentous matter now-a-days. The boldest novel writer would not adventure on a common or ugly name for his hero of romance; the reader would be in the secret as well as the valet. Visiting cards seldom appear now without a pair of surnames, as if the owner had suddenly obtained letters patent and inherited a fortune. How savage has been the battle of the books, touching the significance or symbolising sense of the name of Homer, who has been described as a myth, an allegory, a mere pack of poems in the portmanteau of Lycurgus, and not a living man. What an ominous, grand-sounding name was that of Demosthenes—"the people's might," in the ears of the Athenian democrats! How cunningly had sharp wits read the prophetic anagram in the name of Horatio Nelson, *honor est a Nilo!* What poems have been made upon names, from the vituperation launched on Helen by the chorus in the "Agamemnon," and the chuckling merriment of Horace over the disconsolate "Rex," to the last *vaudeville* and farce of the present hour! What difficulties have persons, when hard-set, overcome by help of ingenious spelling, or the addition of a *de* or *de la*, to conceal the ignominy of an ordinary name! More changes have been rung on the letters composing the odious name of Smith—the primeval form—than have ever emanated from the active fingers of the lovers of Triple bobs or Bob majors on the occasion of the birth or marriage of Mr. Smith aforesaid. We say, then, resolutely, there is much in a name. Erasmus gives us the following amusing colloquy in point; the speakers are Boniface and Bliss—"Bliss—"Good morning, Boniface." Boniface—"The same to you." Bon—"But I wish we both were what our names are—you rich, and I a good-looking fellow." Bl—"What! don't you think it anything to have a

grand name?" Bon—"Not I, without the reality." Bl—"I can assure you many mortals think differently." Bon—"Oh, I daresay: mortals, but not men." Bl—"Men, my good fellow, except you believe them to be camels and asses walking about in human shape." Bon—"That I could, sooner than call people, who make more of the name than the substance, men."

Camden, Verstegan, and Mr. Mark Anthony Lower have each written amusing chapters on names; old Fuller bristles over with jokes on names, and who will ever hear of a Lucy of Charlecote without a keen remembrance of Shakespeare's pun?—

"What Glorie is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us? What full example,
When one is smothered with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?"

The Saxon and British names are derived from natural objects, as in the examples, for instance, of Udale (yew), Tooke (at oak), Dashwood (beech); Holt (a grove); Trent, Eden, Kennet, Derwentwater, &c., from rivers. However, even the names of the Normans, familiar to us by the Battle Roll, did not become hereditary and permanent till the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the old British way of using the father's or grandfather's Christian name, instead of their *nomina gentilitia*, long prevailed in Yorkshire. Thus, Peter the son of William, became Peter Williamson; his son was William Peterson; and only gradually the difficulty was resolved, by the adoption of the appellation Peters once for all. The "Aps" in a Welch pedigree, are links on a similar principle. The employment of the Scandinavian "sen," the Saxon "ing," Irish "O," and Gaelic "Mac," Polish "sky," and Norman "Fitz," are identical. The Welch "Aps" have a numerous progeny—Bowen, Probert, Proby, Parry, Pughe, Prichard, Powell, &c.

The Emperor of China chooses an epochal name; his proper name is ineffable, and only preserved in history; and one emperor discomposed his subjects, and the Celestial annals, very much by capriciously changing his name eleven times in fifty-four years. Catherine de Medici changed the names of her three sons in hope of mending their fortune; and John of Gaunt, when dying, lays himself open to Richard's taunt—

"Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

"They call the lands after their own names," said the Hebrew king, centuries ago. Mausolus was content with a tomb; but Philippi, Adrianople, Constantinople, Carlsruhe, Alexandria, and Antioch commemorate men of a larger ambition. The suffix "iere," in France, and, in Great Britain and Ireland, that of a man's name to a place, now-a-days as in the times of the Danish Grims, Balders, Ormes, and Ufs, and the Norman Bassets, Monceaux, Pierpoints, Constables, Ferrers, and a host of other chevaliers, effectually perpetuates his memory. So there is something in a name after all.

It required a nimble eye and ready wit to distinguish the name of the Norman primate Stigandus, in the offensive and red-nosed Stiggins of "Pickwick;" the grand Theobald in the mean Tiddle or Tibbets; the stately Ingulphus in the pastry of Gunter; and majestic Goth Theodoric in the diminutive Terry, or Turgot in Thoroughgood, much less the excellent St. Olave in the familiar Toby, or the patronym of Sancho Panza in the humble Sankey. Personal qualities, peculiarities, or defects, an occupation or office, a modification of a Christian name and the "local habitation," were the origin of surnames. Thus Lovel was the "little wolf;" Alan, according to Scaliger, "a hound" (Chaucer uses the word); Bernard is

derived from the bear; and Arthur we have seen derived from Arcturus. St. Loe is the corruption of De St. Lupo. Steward (stede-ward) was the housekeeper, Constable (comes stabuli), and Marshal (mare-schal) were the masters of the horse; the Vavasour ranked between the baron and knight. The more curious names derived from offices or places of honour are King, Abbot, Priest, Pope, Friar (usher huisier); Hayward or Howard, high warden; Grosvenor le gros veneur; Latimer, the interpreter; Fettiplace, the usher (fait y place); Reedman, a councillor; Beadle, the bedesman; Paget, from the foot-page; Wharton, the fourth son, or one who holds a fourth part of a manor; Arblaster, balistarius; Ledgard, the legate; Mauleverer, malus leporarius; Spelman, a man of learning; Leech, the physician; Railton, trail-baton; Talboys, taille-bois; Molyneux, the miller; Spenser, the steward; Maskell, the marshall; Palmer, the pilgrim, &c. Joscelyn is the diminutive of Justus; Pagan revives in Payne, and Walwyn (a conqueror) in Gawen. Meredith, the Welsh say, is a name given to all children born on the festivals dedicated to St. Mary. The Romans took names from beasts: witness their Asinius, Aper, and Caninius; as the Christians adopted Leo and Ursula, and surnames of beasts—Lamb, Hare, Lion, Kidd, Hind, Wolfe, Reynardson, Fox, and its cognate Todd; of birds, Corbet, Bisset, Crake, Godolphin (a white eagle), Dove, Finch, Cocks, Hewlett (owlet), Wildgoose, Gosling, Rooke, Swan, Nightingale, Wren, Heron, Parrot, Peacock, &c.; of fish, Pyke, Herring, Place, Salmon, Pickering, Crab, Bass, Whiting, Grigg, Eyles, Lucy; of flowers and trees, Hawthorne, Chardin (a thistle), Burnett, Rose, Lilly, &c.; and of natural objects an entire host—Shaw, Mountain, Hill, Holmes, Ford, Hale, Ley, Bury, Chester, Thorpe, Wood, Wells, Moor, Kirk, Church, Field, Gates, Forest, Bankes, Grove, Dale, Mount, Pole, Brook, Oakes, &c. Abbreviations of Christian names furnished their contingent, the "S" of the "son" being only retained, or the suffix "kin" being adopted. Alexander became affectionately Sanders; Arthur, Atty; Robert, Robinson; Philip, Phipps; Otho, Holson; Matthew, Mathieson; Benedict, Benson; Andrew, Andrewson, Anson; Henry, Harrison; Nicholas, Nizon; Crispin, Crisp; David, Dawes; Bartholomew, Butson; Simon, Sympton; Gilbert, Gibbs; Nigel, Nelson; Peter, Piers; Richard, Dixon, Dickinson; Theobald, Tipping; Thomas, Thompson; Nicholas, Nicolls and Cole; Frederick, Ferrey; Walter, Watson; William, Bilson, Wilson, and Tillotson, Wilkinson and Lyson. From the Netherlands we have imported Louvaine, Bruges, Malins, Tournay, Beke, and Robsart; from Germany, Stradling (Esterling); from Brittany, St. Aubyn, Conquest, Vailletort, Morley, Cassell, Bluet, and St. George. Other French towns have supplied us with Courtenay, Boleyn, St. Leger, Chaworth, St. Quentin (in Cumberland, Cwmohiton!) Gorges, Cressy, Fienes, Chalon, Corby, Paris, Bohun, &c.; while the immediate followers of the Duke William, the "Conquerator," have transmitted their names to the present day—Mortimer (de mortuo mari), St. Maur (Seymour), Vaux, Ferrers, Tankerville, Blount, Boys, Harcourt, and Tracy. Luitprandius tells us that Eudoxia was only a Hellenised form of the German name of the Empress of Constantinople, Bertha; and the Latinised originals or translations of some of our more common names are frequently very expressive; for instance, Zouch (de stipite sicco), is a "dry stick;" Mauley (de malo lacu), is an "ill-savoured pond;" Pierpont (de petræ ponte), is

* Concerning Some Scottish Surnames. By C. I. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.)

"the stone bridge;" while Mews is a corruption of "de Melsa" (Meaux); Newmarch is "de novo mercator;" Beaufoy, "de bella fago;" Bourchier, "de burgho;" Montfichet, "de monte fixo;" Neville, "de nova villa;" Surtees, "super Teysam;" and Manners, without any allusion to Wykeham's immortal motto, is simply territorial, "de manersii." Some have suffered change owing to this practice of Latinising them, according to the caprice of the writer, as often as according to the strict derivation—*e.g.*, Vaux, De Vallibus; Whynates, De Vicineto (the neighbour); Tonsal, tonsor, the barber; Dansey, De Alneto; Champernonne, De Campo Arnulphi; Boville, De Bella Villa; Mandeville, De Magna Villa; Moleyns, or Mullins, de Molendinis; Pomfret, De Fracto Ponte; Tyrrell, De Turribus; Neile, Nigellus; Montpensier, De Monte Pessonis. The romantically-sounding Lorimer means a maker of horses' bridles; Chaucer, "a weaver;" Walker, "a fuller;" Banister, "a bath man" (balneator); Frobisher, "a furbisher;" Kempe "a soldier;" and Gough, "ruddy-man;" Winter is "a vintner;" and "Summer" the "sompnour" or summoner, and have nothing to do with the time of their birth (p. 19). The obsolete trades of the Fletcher, Girdler, Lister, Webster, Taverner, Palliser, Pargiter, Reeve, and Woodruff, are only preserved in surnames. Hillier is a corruption of "huillier," an oilman. The personal appearance and mental qualities of the progenitor do not always appear in the descendants—Dhu, Black (Gwynne), White, Gray, Brown, Green, Lloyd (russet), Wise, Good, Sharpe, Swift, Quicke, Turnbull, Armstrong, Wagstaffe, Shakespere, Longfellow; Harper, Baird, Beaulerc, or Curtis (court hose), any more than the old Roman nicknames of Calvus, Cocles, Scavrus, Labeo, Galba, Suillius, Marcellus, Scipio, Cæsar, Naso, or Cicero. As Horace says:—

"Strabonem
Appellat poetum pater: et pulum, male parvus
Si cui filius est, ut aborivus fuit olim
Sisyphus; hunc varum distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit saurum, pravus fultum male talis.

Corruptions, abbreviations, and additions have occurred also in the lapse of time sufficient to baffle the most sagacious inquirer, and been the cause of the most curious misapprehensions on the part of those who have endeavoured to trace the origin of names and personal denominations. Instances are numerous: St. Maur, Seymour; Southwell, Snell; S. Agnetis, Annesley; St. Anthony's Town, Taunton; Arthur's bury, Atterbury; Adertheleigh, Audley; St. Cheverell, Shakerley; Haverington, Harrington; Cholmondeley, Cholmuley; Sitsilt, Cecil; Estleigh, Ashley; Mohun, Moon; Montacute, Montague; Granville, Grenfell; St. Paul, Sampool; Mountjoy, Maingay; De aureo Monte, Ormond; and De Cruce, Creech. Serious inconvenience has resulted from similarity of names: two Whitakers wrote contemporaneously on Lancastrian topography; two squinting John Thomases, according to Bishop Newton, were at one time rectors in London, and bishops of the Church of England; two Chalmers wrote simultaneously; and two reverend Grays together engaged in the Warburtonian controversy. Hooker, on the other hand, will always be distinguished from his living botanical namesake, as "the judicious;" and John Hale, of Eton, from all other Hales as "the ever-memorable," as much as the mediæval schoolmen as "the seraphic" or "the subtle."

We opened the volume mentioned at the commencement of this article, "Concerning some Scottish Surnames," with considerable interest; we hoped to find a rich and valuable contribution to our stock of knowledge, and

were bitterly disappointed. There is a reservation certainly implied in the little word "some" on the title, but there is a long tantalising list of surnames towards the close of the volume, with a few scraps of notes appended, where we had a right to expect some approach to that investigation of their origin which they suggest and invite. The initials "C. I." modestly appear on the title-page, but at the end of the book a volume is advertised bearing the self-complacent name and additions of "Cosmo Innes, F.S.A., &c.," with three pages of closely-printed cuttings from newspapers and literary journals—of course all very complimentary. Possibly he is of opinion that he would not otherwise

"Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title."

We would, however, recommend to "the Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh" a recent article in a contemporary magazine on the "Art of Puffing," and advise him, accordingly, to append some of the sterner and less palatable comments on his work, as the fine contrast of light and shade would be of eminent advantage, as it would afford some relief to the satiated reader, who has not forgotten two good aphorisms: "There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself;" "To things of sale a seller's praise belongs." Another instance of strikingly bad taste, is the coarse and very vulgar allusion in the preface, although "C. I.," otherwise, we presume, Professor Cosmo Innes, attributes the saying to a Frenchwoman, when in fact the story is told by Horace Walpole in one of his letters, to which we refer him. He very properly dismisses the silly legends of the origin of the names of Douglas, Forbes, and Guthrie (which, he says, are old territorial designations), Hay, and Napier (really Naper or Naperer, the linen-clothier); but he makes no allusion to the amusing derivation of Eliot from Aliot, the Norman standard-bearer, who won his nickname at the landing of Duke William's army, by leaping, in imitation of Julius Cæsar's legionary, into the sea. His own derivations of the names of Bowman (the man in charge of the cattle) and Fullarton (p. 37, contradicted in pp. 26, 37, 47) are equally absurd; they are clearly simply the bow-maker or bearer, and the fuller's (cloth-dresser's) town; Wuscard, and certainly not Huissier (p. 35, 40), is the origin of Wischart; and Field, of the suffix of Ville, "well" (p. 39) in Maxwell and Boswell is the Scottish corruption. Weir is the corruption of the Norman De Vere; while Hamilton bears a strong resemblance to the name of Hamel-side, now corrupted into the modern Ambleside. The English "Hooper" (p. 27) is undoubtedly the old word for a "swan" (still borne as their family crest), and not, as C. I. suggests, the "man who hoops the barrels." We can imagine that a certain noble Irish lord, who changed his patronym of Morris for De Montmorenci (p. 41) will not be grateful for the revival of the story. Instead of the anecdote of the Irish Mr. Halfpenny, we might have been favoured with the ingenious derivation of the name of the Russian General Todleben from 'Toddlin' Ben. Until we have proof to the contrary, we shall take leave to believe in the beautiful story of the origin of Lockhart (p. 49).

We have no desire to be captious or quarrelsome, and, therefore, for the reader's sake, shall proceed to point out some of the more curious Scottish names, with their origin. The Normans furnish Campbell (like Beau-champ, de Campo bello); Charteris (de Chartreux) Charterhouse, the Irish Loftus is another form of Lofthouse, a notable invention when the

aborigina's ordinarily had not such comfortable dwellings); Grant (le Grand); Corbet (Corbean); and Sinclair (de Sancto Claro). Again, we find Balneavis (de villa nativorum), Houston (de villa Hugonis), Duffus (Dove-House), and Livingston (de villa Levini). Our author omits to tell us that the Humes derive their name from the "holme" near their ancient castle in Berwickshire; and we remark a large number of English border names, and unmistakable Norse and Saxon names, adopted without a word of illustration into his Scottish list. English (Ingles), Fleming, and French, commemorate old settlers from other countries; and the emigrant from the "land o' cakes," given to wandering then as now, returns as Scott; while Welsh, Latinised first into Walensis, becomes the patriot Wallace. More (Moir or Moore) is the "Big man," as "Little John" was so called pertinaciously, though a giant among Robin Hood's merry men; Reid is the "red" man, Duff the "black," and Bain the "white;" Starke is the "strong;" Joseph Adye, the indefatigable, and the American notability, Adams, derived their names from Adam and his son; Dick and Dickens from Richard and his son; Jack, and the great lexicographer, from John and his son; Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Davidson from the Hebrew king; Rogers and Hodges, and Hodson's Horse, from Otho and Hodge; Munson or Monson, from Edmund; Lawson, the chronicler of Scottish abbays, and Alderman Laurie, from Laurence; and Dr. Kennedy, from Kenneth or Mackenzie, and their sons. Musgrave is the Moss-Graf or count. Macnab is the modern representative of the "Abbot," "Ossian" Macpherson of the "parson;" and Mackintosh, the inventor of india-rubber habiliments, of the "chief." A "Dewar" kept the relics; a "Proctor" was a church lawyer; Mr. Sangster sang in the choir; Gillespie was the bishop's servant; Malcolm, St. Columba's servant; Gil-mour, St. Mary's servant; and Gillies, the servant of Jesus; while Mitchell is the abbreviation of St. Michael. Barker and Curry (currier) are connections of the Skinners and Tanners. Brander stamped the barrels, Baxter baked, Brewster brewed, and Lyster dyed, while Webster wove, and Suter stitched his shoes, and Fletcher shaped his arrows. Dempster was a judge, Wardroper presided over his habiliments, Chalmers was his chamberlain, and Quentin Durward kept the door; while Todd the fox, and Brock the badger, engaged the attention of the Foster who ranged the forest, and Granger who kept the homestead. Grieve acted as sheriff, and De Warrenne watched the rabbits in their runs. Shortly after the so-called Conquest, "it became a disgrace," says an old MS., "for a gentleman to have but one name, as the meaner sort and natural children had;" since that period many a name, single and double, once in use, has been lost and become extinct, which might be easily and conveniently revived. All men cannot hope to attain to the domestic notoriety of a Sandwich, a D'Oyly, a Chesterfield, a Stanhope, or a Brougham. We shall dismiss the subject, however, with a word for the noble and the mean alike, in the old sententious language of Camden: "Neither the good names grace the bad, neither doe evil names disgrace the good."

FAITHFUL FOR EVER.*

MR. PATMORE deservedly obtained by his "Angel in the House" a very wide and general appreciation. Probably, the concrete and in-

* Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. (J. W. Parker and Son.)

dividual elements in a story of human love, were never before analysed with so fine and tender a touch. This was the real secret of his success; and success in so difficult an undertaking, may claim a double reward. It is easy to exhibit the abstract passion in verse; the appropriate language is traditional, the feelings are such as all have in some degree experienced, and the poet may very well calculate on a reader's transports supplying, when necessary, his own waning fires. Time and place are of little importance, or rather the poet and his readers presume that such is the case: there is no past or present; the commonplace elements of life break up and vanish like specks of cloud on the red of sunset: there is no room for exhibiting those delicate contrivances by which this passion of love links to itself the varied sum of human interests; any allusion to the daily round of life—any record of the inevitable trivialities which will not be dissociated even from the most golden dreams—are felt to be non-transcendental improprieties. The *Paradise* of Milton is not more unlike the banks of the Euphrates at the present day than much of the passionate poetry which we have all occasionally admired, is unlike the concrete reality obtruded upon experience in the world. And yet we would not be understood to say that we deliberately prefer the individual and concrete exhibition of love to the more abstract and idealised. True, it is the easiest matter in the world for a mere versifier to write what may pass, even with persons of some education, for the latter; but, on the other hand, it is one of the most difficult, and withal most glorious, achievements of a true poet to give an idealised expression of love which at once commends itself to susceptible and cultivated natures. We will give one example of this—one deep and exhaustive expression of the ideal element in love, which it would be difficult to parallel with any poem which approaches the subject from its concrete side. We mean the "Epipsychidion" of Shelley. The world of that poem is not the world we live in; we read, indeed, of an island under Ionian skies—an island cradled in the unruffled azure of a sea which kisses for evermore its sifted sands; we seem to see, as if in dream, the blossoming lemons whose heavy odour makes faint the golden air around us; above, we follow the mossy tracks winding up mountain side or losing themselves in woods which we know are peopled by noonday nightingales: we seem steeped in loveliness and wonder; we "feel after" the divine possibilities of life, but yet it never seems as if we knew this particular island, or had ever made ourselves at home there. The "lady of the solitude" is still more impersonal. What tongue did she speak? was she of the morning, or evening? had she the passion of the south, the self-consuming flame whose burning is its death, or the patient tenderness of the north? We cannot say. There is nothing individual in the story; the orbit of its high passion transcends the limits of place or time; like a problem of metaphysics, it seems to smile down upon the disordered territory of experience. Assuredly no sane lover ever dreams of comparing himself to the mysterious male presence (person he cannot be called) of this story—his mistress to so immaterial and impersonal a vision as the lady of the solitude, or his work-day world to its music-haunted, passion-breathing wreck of paradise; and yet we feel no hesitation in asserting that so long as there are lovers in the world they will turn oftener to the ideal element in Shelley, than to that more faithful copy of the reality provided for them by Mr. Patmore.

And why so? It is easier to suggest the true answer than to state it formally. It would seem, we might say, that the passion of love, from the very fact that it is the most universal of all passions—intensively no less than extensively—is more impatient than others of being arrested, and exhibited in its concrete elements. It is, indeed, in these, but not of them. It seems to submit to them, with something of the haughty condescension with which the Homeric gods mingled in human contests. These statements can at once be brought to the test of experience. It seems to be a first principle in love, that its secrets are to be guarded under the sanction of as awful a reserve as that which encompassed the ancient mysteries. No one detail may be divulged under the severest penalties. On occasions, indeed, the abstract passion itself, which is presumed to be understood by all men, may be discussed with a friend, but still with the sense of a near divinity. This principle seems to be universally granted; and yet it is not the less frequently violated. Perhaps most of us have at some time or other fallen in with those "heretics in love," as Provence long ago would have pronounced them, who make the world the confidant of their heart's secret. Why, too, are we conscious of so cruel an absurdity, when some infatuated "accepter" inflicts upon our flagging attention raptures, expressed possibly in ungrammatical language, certainly with the wildest irrelevance of metaphor? Why do we hide our sarcastic smiles—not without effort—when he produces a picture, a ribbon, a glove, or it may be a lock of hair, and a package of letters? Certainly, because we feel at the bottom of our hearts that this is no world for men who "carry their heart upon their sleeve" to be abroad in. There are contraries which cannot be reconciled on every side of us; difficulties everywhere in theology, in metaphysics, and science; and this prime difficulty in love, that its two poles of ideality and fact, are so far apart that we have no instruments by which to measure their depth and altitude. We wish to be real in our delineation, and we find ourselves ridiculous; we wish to be idealists, and we cease to be intelligible.

From what has been said, it may be inferred that we half suspect Mr. Patmore to have made an infelicitous choice of subject in his "Angel in the House." The book is too confidential. We do not mean that Mr. Patmore thrusts himself upon the reader; on the contrary, we have often had occasion to admire the skill with which, in such a theme, he has subordinated his individuality to the purposes of his narrative. But we do feel, from the first page to the last, that the supposed narrator is telling us a great deal which had been better kept to himself. This reflection is enough to destroy any lasting interest in the work, as a whole. There are passages in it which we admire and study repeatedly; such as many of the happily-worded essays which are interspersed here and there through the narrative. We must particularly mention the one beginning, "Lo, when the Lord made north and south," (p. 41), and "He meets by heavenly chance express," (p. 35), and that still more exquisite one, near the conclusion, "Feasts satiate: stars distress with weight." For subtlety of thought and victorious expression, they may compare with the "In Memoriam" of the poet-laureate. Could we give them a higher praise than this? And yet we feel bound to add that the poem from which they are taken fails to please. We never talked with any man who professed to admire it as a whole. And it seems to us that the reason is quite plain. Mr. Vaughan

is, in fact, the gentleman who produces the picture, the lock of hair, the package of letters in miscellaneous company, and relieves the fulness of his heart with elaborate raptures. We quite remember that Mr. Patmore, in one of the very best passages in the book, has expressed his indignation of such a betrayal of life secrets; but it is not the less true that he has made his hero guilty of it. We confess that our own feelings respecting the greater part of these confidences—feelings shared by every one with whom we discussed the subject—were those of impatient annoyance. Sometimes a sense of their absurdity came often to the surface. We thought of the wondrous abstraction, the dim rapture, the unearthly melody of Shelley's master-piece, and decided that we would think twice before we exchanged these for conversations about gloves and violets in Dean Churchill's garden, or for picnic luncheons on Salisbury Plain.

We have been a long time in coming to Mr. Patmore's latest production, "Faithful for Ever," which we are compelled to pronounce very much inferior to his earlier work. We should have anticipated this beforehand; unless, indeed, which hardly seems probable, the author of the "Angel in the House" should break entirely fresh ground. But this is not so. We confess to having experienced a feeling of discouragement on finding that this new poem was in the form of letters between various people; most of whom were already familiar to us, by name at least, in the "Angel in the House." The readers of that poem will remember that a Captain Graham is introduced—chiefly, as it appeared, as a foil to Mr. Vaughan, both gentlemen being very decidedly in love with Miss Honoria Churchill. When this lady became Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. Graham very naturally took himself out of the way, and, indeed, his duties as a captain of one of her Majesty's ships afforded a very favourable opportunity for his doing so. From the present volume we learn that he continued to cherish a highly-romantic passion for Mrs. Vaughan, and we are favoured with the perusal of various letters to his mother, which turn exclusively upon this subject. Soon, however, he marries with some abruptness a good, plain, stupid young woman, who had expressed by looks rather than words her sympathy with his wounded affections. This leads to several letters from sisters and cousins about the "awful girl" Fred has married. Then we have a letter from Mrs. Graham, jun., to her mother-in-law, which is intended to show us, we suppose, what a very commonplace girl she really is. The humour of the thing consists in making her say "dear Fred" in every other line, and expressing her regrets that "dear Fred" has so little of an awakened heart. This point is developed further on, not altogether unsatisfactorily; still, more might have been made of it. The point of advance which the judgment of educated men has gained in religious matters is far beyond that of most women. This is a phenomenon which assuredly will be found to be stored with some very unexpected results. But to continue. Soon after, Mrs. F. Graham becomes the mother of a son; and the upshot of the story is, that this circumstance, coupled with her extreme simplicity of character and unbounded belief in her husband's abilities, are the constituent elements of a most intimate and happy union.

We cannot say that there is much in the poem itself which atones for so uninteresting a subject. The character of Jane,—

"The good dear girl, who saw my pain,
And spoke as if she pitied me,"

is thus unfavourably sketched by her husband in his first letter to his mother after marriage:—

"Her knowledge and conversing powers
You'll find are poor. The clock for hours,
Loud ticking on the mantel-shelf,
Has all the talking to itself.
But to and fro her needle runs
Twice while the clock is ticking once,
And I, contented, read or smoke,
And idly think, or idly stroke
The winking cat, or watch the fire
In social peace that does not tire;
Until at easeful end of day,
She moves, and puts her work away;
And saying 'How cold 'tis' or, 'How warm?'
Or something else as little harm," &c.—Pp. 109, 110

This is not a flattering picture for a bridegroom to draw. What a relief it must have been when she did "put her work away," and he could smoke his last pipe with all the fireplace to himself! Somewhat later, however, after her confinement, he writes thus:—

"But when the new-made mother smiled,
She seemed herself a little child,
Dwelling at large beyond the law
By which till then I judged and saw,
And that fond glow which she felt stir
For it, suffused my heart for her:
To whom, from the weak babe, and thence
To me—an infant innocence,
Happy, reparative of life,
Came, and she was indeed my wife."—P. 149.

The view suggested in this passage, has of course a large element of truth in it. But that it is capable of any very wide application seems to us highly doubtful. A wife conspicuously below one's self in intellect and connections is not much more of a companion because she happens to be also an excellent nurse and mother. There is something unreal, too, it strikes us, in putting forth this view so prominently. Even if true (as in a measure we grant it is) it seems to lose its truth directly it is put into words. What is often a sensitive perception in the mind, is simply destroyed or made coarse when entered at length in definite statements. Perhaps a tendency to this form of exaggeration is the radical fault of Mr. Patmore's muse.

But we should be unjust if we did not attribute to the author of these poems a high purpose, and a pure and elevated appreciation of woman's nature. Free alike from every taint of impurity, whether of the luscious or pseudo-ascetic order, he everywhere breathes the bright and golden air of "passion's purity." We think that as an artist he has committed some errors. We do not for a moment doubt either his capacities or his purpose. Even the judgment we have pronounced on the plan of these poems is perhaps not one which will equally commend itself to all minds. Still, we feel that we are essentially right, or we should have hesitated to speak so freely of one who has written some things which, even on our first perusal, we were convinced belonged to the class which the world will not willingly let die.

CHESS LITERATURE.*

If the cultivation of the game of chess be at all commensurate with the increasing dimensions of its literature, the votaries of Caissa have good reason to congratulate themselves on the progress their favourite game has made during the last two years. If there be a royal road to the royal game, certes the various writers on the subject have spared no pains to discover it, and render it smooth and accessible to the student.

* *Chess Praxis*. A Supplement to the "Chess Player's Hand-book." By H. Staunton. (London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1860.) *Morphy's Games of Chess*. With Analytical and Critical Notes. By J. Löwenthal. (London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1860.) *Paul Morphy. A Sketch from the Chess World*. Translated from the German of Herr Max Langé. By Herr Falkbeer. (London: J. Sturte, 45, Rathbone Place. 1859.)

During the years 1859-60, the literature of chess has exhibited a remarkable and hitherto unprecedented vitality both at home and abroad. In France we have a valuable compilation of end-games by M. Preti; and an able elementary treatise on the theory of the openings by M. De Rivière. Germany has contributed an edition of Lucena's rare work, from the pen of the celebrated Der Laza; and a collection of games played by Mr. Morphy, with annotations by Herr Max Langé, while, in England, we have two distinct collections of the American champion's *parties*, edited respectively by Herren Löwenthal and Falkbeer; the latter being a translation of Max Langé's work; an elaborate "History of the Origin of Chess," by Duncan Forbes, LL.D., the well-known Oriental scholar; and lastly, though by no means the least valuable in the list, the long-promised "Chess Praxis," by Mr. Staunton.

There are few chess players, we should imagine, who are not familiar with the great English master's first contribution to the literature of the game, "The Chess Player's Hand-book." Based upon the elaborate work of Bilguir and Der Laza, embodying the latest results of the labours of the great German and Russian analysts, embellished with all the originality and invention of perhaps the greatest living player, unequalled for simplicity of style and perspicuity of arrangement, it is not surprising that it should have immediately achieved a success unprecedented by any other work on the same subject. It is our firm conviction—we speak from our own personal experience and that of numerous chess-playing friends—that the "English Hand-book" has given the original impulse of chess enthusiasm to as many future Philidors, as "Robinson Crusoe" has infected with the romance of a roving life, or "Isaak Walton" initiated into the delights of the "gentle art."

But fortune herself, with all her proverbial instability, is not more variable than chess theory. It is ever progressing towards an unseen goal to which apparently it is never nearer. The theory of the "openings" is like an astronomical chart—the further our knowledge is extended the more we find is yet to be learned. Every day we are discovering new lights—fresh constellations. Demonstration, except to a very limited extent, is impracticable. The results of to-day's analysis are upset by a deeper scrutiny to-morrow, and that in its turn gives way before a still more elaborate research. Repeated trials in actual play afford the only true test of the stability of any given variation. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that some of the theoretical conclusions arrived at in the "Hand-book" have been qualified by the practical experience of the last twelve years. "Certain systems of attack which were thought to be irresistible a few years ago"—we quote from the preface to Mr. Staunton's "Praxis"—"are now regarded as defective, and some lines of defence which the best authorities then deemed impregnable, are found to have their vulnerable points."

The object of the "Praxis" is to remedy these defects in the old work, and to engraft on it the theory of the "openings" as established at the present day. It is thus an indispensable adjunct to the "Hand-book," and should be studied in connection with it. The "Praxis" is a worthy sequel to its popular predecessor. It evinces the same diligent research, lucidity of arrangement, and exactitude of analysis. The "openings" are, if possible, treated more copiously than in the old treatise, as the space saved by the adoption of the algebraic form of

notation allows of a greater number of variations being given in *extenso*.

Many of these have never appeared before in print, and a large proportion of the rest of the work will doubtless be novel to such as are not familiar with the periodical chess literature of the last few years. The Evans, Scotch, Kings, Knights, and Bishop's gambits, are especially remarkable for many beautiful and original features. The "openings" are illustrated by a number of carefully-selected and highly instructive *parties* contested between some of our ablest players, subjoined to which is a complete collection of Mr. Morphy's games, with notes critical and analytical by the author. We know of no book that is in itself so complete a chess library as Mr. Staunton's "Praxis."

The mention of Mr. Morphy leads us to the other two works in our list. Opinions differ widely on the American champion's chess power. Of his blindfold play we have the highest admiration. The deeds of Philidor and Kieseritzki are utterly insignificant when compared with Mr. Morphy's feat of conducting simultaneously eight games without seeing the board, and that not against fourth or fifth rate players, but really "men of mark" in the chess world. But that he is superior to such players as Staunton, Heyderbrandt, Szen, and Anderssen, when in their best play—to say nothing of the "Auld Lang Syne" of McDonnell and La Bourdonnaix—we cannot for one moment admit. Be his merits, however, what they may, the chess world is deeply indebted to Mr. Morphy for the stimulus his visit to Europe has given to the practice, and more especially to the literature, of the game, unprecedented in our memory, except by the great match between England and France in 1846. We should have good cause to thank him had his trip across the Atlantic been productive of no other result than the publication of Mr. Löwenthal's edition of his games.

This is an invaluable book for the young student, not only from the intrinsic merits of the games themselves, but from the important additions contributed to the theory of the "openings," in the form of annotations, in which department of chess knowledge Herr Löwenthal has perhaps no superior. The remarkable freedom of the book from typographical errors—a feature which can only be sufficiently appreciated by those who have undergone the drudgery of correcting chess proofs—reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Löwenthal's editorial supervision; in fact, the general arrangement of the book is faultless. The collection of games is the most complete ever published; but why did Mr. Löwenthal omit the fine *partie* won of Mr. Morphy by Herr Harrwitz previous to their match? Surely it was more worthy of a place than some of the indifferent games at odds which occupy such a prominent position in the book, and might in our opinion have been advantageously ignored. This sin of omission, and the charge—we fear too well founded—of excessive "hero-worship," are the only objections we have ever heard raised against this really valuable work.

Last on our list stands Herr Falkbeer's translation of Max Langé's collection of Morphy's Games, entitled "Paul Morphy, a Sketch from the Chess World."

This was the first edition of Morphy's games ever published in England; but the haste in which both original and translation were brought out, has detracted considerably from the intrinsic merits of the work. Herr Falkbeer is an able translator, and holds the editorial scales with most praiseworthy fairness on all questions touching the much-agitated Morphy controversy.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE OSSIANIC
SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR 1857.*

At any rate, a spirit of candour and desire for unbiased inquiry seems to pervade the volume before us. There is, of course, that necessary tinge of patriotism which lends an interest to the opinions advanced, whilst it hardly ever assumes a provoking attitude. We are glad also to find that there are so many societies affiliated with that in Ireland, and that even in America Irishmen, by searching into the records of their history, show that they can foster other sentiments of loyalty in their new home as well as those of Orangism. The "Transactions" are replete with curious and important information, and we certainly get more than could be expected from the second title-page, which only promises an account of the "Imteacht, or great Bardic Institution," a satire written by some unknown author in the seventh century, and now for the first time published. The bards are covered with ridicule by the author of the "Imteacht," and we cannot but agree with him when we recollect that the bards, from mere sufferance on Royal bounty, gradually became burthensome to the state which so munificently supported them, and alienated even their friends by their gross immoralities. The learned editor, however, takes care not to leave us totally under the impression of a one-sided view. We are made aware of the great benefits the country derived from them; how they excelled in every art and science then known; and how their poetic strains, through which *all* instruction was conveyed, soothed and civilised the minds of their patrons and hearers. We have a full account of them, from Amergin, some of whose poems are given at the end of the volume, down to a strolling descendant of the bards living almost in our own times, and who is mentioned by Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy." As regards the various derivations given of the term "bard," Professor Connellan seems to think it at the best only conjectural. We venture in this case to offer an additional conjecture, and point to the Hebrew *dabar*, which means "word." Recollecting the various, and seemingly unconnected, meanings which a Shemitic root is likely to have, in which, however, may be traced one general undercurrent of thought, we believe *dabar* to have meant at one time "to drive," and then "articulation," "word," which after all is effected by driving the air from the lungs. Thus, *deber* means also pestilence, because it drives everything before it. Now, by transposition, to which we know liquid consonants are so liable, we would have "bard" as meaning "a maker of words," and at the same time have the term "word," as well as "drive," German *treiben*, explained as again mere transposition of *dabar*. Of course there may be even religious and historical reasons assigned why the word "bard," which seemingly belongs to a family of language (the Celt) distinct from the Hebrew, should be of Shemitic origin. We cannot regularly trace it, but "bard" may perhaps be one of those words which indicate the common centre of language, now become so indistinct. However, to return to the "Transactions." Amongst other interesting points, a remarkable fact is the hereditary and professional propensity of the descendants of the bards. We find families who for centuries have boasted men of mark, all of the very same profession as their illustrious ancestors. This is in part due to the exactitude with which the

bards kept their pedigrees; each petty chieftain also retained their services as genealogists, whilst each genealogist was a check upon the other, and we therefore feel inclined to believe, with professor Connellan, that "the Irish pedigrees may be admitted to be more accurate than those of any other nation in Europe."

As regards the music to which the bards set their poems, our editor seems to think it to have been for the most part extempore and greatly influenced by the sounds of natural phenomena. This is no new fact, and our editor illustrates it by referring to Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," which was composed by him in imitation of the sound of the smith's hammers in a forge adjacent to where he lodged. We all know that music is a higher though less definite form of the *lógos* "the art of expressing one's ideas," and it has its syntax and its grammar in the general sense which is now given to these words.

This brings us to the rythmical cadence in the poems of the bards, and noticing that the total ignorance of it by Macpherson in his "Ossian" shows the latter to be a fabrication, we are brought by Professor Connellan to the most interesting part of the "Transactions," "The Poems of Ossian by Macpherson," a dissertation on which, together with numerous specimens of ancient Irish poetry, closes the volume before us.

We confess we expected a greater spirit of animadversion in reference to a subject on which the Irish are so "touchy," but we were agreeably disappointed. Of course the editor is still a patriot, and we are told that "Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to him who has sought her despoilment, and attempted to unrobe her of her long-cherished historic glories. Her national pride had slumbered or been trampled out for more than a century. Her literature had laid dormant and neglected, and her very language was dying out, when Macpherson came forth in the wake of Dempster, the 'Saint-stealer' of Innes, the impugner of her antiquity, to frame a new system of history which was to convert Scotia minor into the Scotia major, and deprive Ireland of the honour of her long-conceded maternity, whatever the worth of that may have been. Insulted and outraged, she awoke to her vindication, and memories all but forgotten were stirred up. Armour long laid aside, neglected and rusty, was once more taken down and furnished for the conflict. Old manuscripts were examined; an active search through tomes long mouldering or covered with the dust of ages was prosecuted by our aroused savans, and all hastened to the rescue with proof and authority to convince the world of the validity of their claim to their old hero Fionn, now put forward under the disguised resemblance of Fingal, the phantom king of the nubilous Scottish Morven." We cannot but agree with the learned contributors to the "Transactions:" they seem to us to have made their case clearly out. A whole host of authorities is brought to corroborate their arguments, and we believe we have it plainly proved that Scotia major is indeed Ireland. St. Donatus, Bishop of Fiesuli, who died in A.D. 840, gives this name to Ireland in a Latin poem of which the following is a translation, quoted by the editor:—

"Far westward lies an Isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name.
An island rich; exhaustless is her store
Of velvety silver and of golden ore;
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her water, and her air with health," &c.

That Macpherson was entirely ignorant of even the elementary principles of bardic poetry, language, or the customs of the times; that he pirated from the Bible, from heathen and

Christian authors; and that whatever be genuine in his "Ossian" is either a perversion or a corruption of the poems of "Oisín," the true "Ossian," an Irish poet, transmitted to the Scotch in the Erse, a dialect of the Irish, we have fully shown: it is impossible for us to give even an outline of the many proofs, extracts, and new facts which this book furnishes. Their number is legion, but we feel it our duty to complain of the bad arrangement of so much valuable material, and we confess we are able to compliment the editor much more on his learning and intelligence than on lucidity of composition. Most important facts are entirely lost in the crowd, and it requires more than ordinary attention and interest to carry the reader to the end of the volumes. We sincerely wish all success to the labours of the Ossianic Society, and we hope they will let us hear in future more of Oisín and the other poets, and render them as attractive to the reader as Macpherson's Ossian, or the "Duthona, Dargo, and Gaul" of J. Smith, another Ossianic pseudonym. Incidentally, we may be permitted to say, Macpherson is a man of whose talents and epical *verve* the Scotch may be proud, much as his want of honesty and liberality is to be condemned. It would be a happy era for literature if all writers were steadily to keep in view the manly words of the learned editor of the volume before us:—"Any statements, therefore, at variance with these long-established historical truths, be they ever so plausible, when unsupported by authorities of equal antiquity and respectability, must be looked upon by all men of candour and discernment, as fictions invented for selfish or lucrative purposes. Macpherson never did, or could, produce any authorities to give stability to his compositions; his chief arguments were to vilify our historians, and abuse the language of one of the most learned nations in Europe in the eighth century. His supporters, with all their ingenious arguments, have failed to prove the authenticity of his poems, because nothing but the production of the originals, nothing but *proofs, positive proofs*, will convince the learned of the present day."—(P. 227.)

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.*

AMONG the precious things which the present age has reclaimed from the mediæval times, the art of illumination holds a foremost place. It is now pretty generally understood that illumination was a recognised art, with its own sets of rules, with its own fundamental principles. Like other arts, it has had its rise and progress, and decadence. Mr. Delamotte, truly enough, speaks of the wandering and somewhat hazy notions which people entertain on the subject, and it has been his object, which he has very successfully accomplished, to fix these vague ideas on certain definite bases, and to lay a foundation on which a subsequent superstructure may be raised. Illumination may be roughly defined as a peculiar system of ornamenting manuscripts or letterpress. To trace its origin is now a matter of impossibility, but Persia is likely enough to have been the country of its birth. The historical commencement of the art very appropriately dates from Byzantine MSS. as early as the third century, and is distinctly traced till the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of Greek artists in the fifteenth century. The character of Byzantine art is always susceptible of easy recognition; the figures are sallow and meagre,

*Transactions of the Ossianic Society for the Year 1857 Edited by Professor Connellan, Queen's College, Cork. (Dublin: Printed by John O'Daly. 1860.)

*Primer of the Art of Illumination, for the Use of Beginners. By F. Delamotte. (E. and F. N. Spon, Bucklebury.)—A Manual of Illumination. By J. W. Bradley, B.A. With an Appendix by T. Goodwin, B.A. Third Edition. (Windsor and Newton.)

but there is generally a profusion of gold which sometimes renders splendid results. In addition to this, we should specify its symbolism, both in emblems and in coloration. White symbolised Wisdom, and red Divine Love; while yellow, supposed to emanate from this red and white, is held to have signified Revelation and Faith. It will be remembered that this significant use of colour obtained in the stained-glass windows of the middle ages, and the favourite gold ground is constantly appearing in the lowliest Italian cot. In our own country, the famous St. Dunstan was an eminent professor of the art, while residing at Glastonbury—

"The island valley of Avilion,"

adding to his many studies all kinds of practical employments; and it is most probable that to these attainments—marvellous in his generation—he is in reality indebted for his reputation for magic. Dunstan could not only write books, but also decorate their exteriors with all a goldsmith's cunning skill. The Anglo-Saxon style attained to great excellence. The finest extant example is preserved in the library at Chatsworth; it is the famous Benedictional which the illuminator Godemann executed for Ethelwold, the good Bishop of Winchester.

These illuminated manuscripts were multiplied to a much larger extent than might be imagined. Every monastery had its vellum designed for illuminating purposes. The libraries of cathedrals and religious houses were well furnished with copies of the Gospels and other portions of Holy Writ. Works of private donation, especially the "Book of Hours," so called from containing all the prayers and psalms for the canonical hours of the day, most magnificently adorned, were found in the hands of the wealthy and the great. Some of them have attained a very great celebrity—for instance, the "Golden Gospels," the "Great Hours of the Duke of Berri," the "Hours" which Louis XII. is said to have presented to Anne of Brittany, &c. These books, thus emblazoned with red, blue, and gold, such as most of our readers must have seen under the glass cases of the British Museum, must have been of very great value. Mr. Delamotte advances the instance of the books which Duke Humphrey presented to the University of Oxford, and which formed the commencement of what is now the Bodleian Library. Many of these were worth nine or ten pounds of the money of that day, which would, of course, represent a much larger sum in the money of our own time. Of these only a solitary copy of "Valerius Maximus" has come down to us. The bigotry and violence which have characterised some epochs of our history, have proved fatal to most of the splendid monuments of the illuminator's art. The visitors of the university, in the time of Edward VI., destroyed all illuminated works in which they might perceive any likeness, however remote, to the hated missal. The barbarous raid was again repeated to the times of the wars of the Commonwealth, when many noble libraries belonging to the nobility and gentry were rudely scattered by the rough soldiers, who ravaged so many noble English halls, and desecrated so many sacred English shrines.

One of the earliest, as well as most interesting, applications of the art is to be found in the first annals of the church. On the walls of those Roman catacombs, where the living and the dead were so strangely united, are to be found the sacred monograms, the most ancient ornamentation of Christian art, traced by the hands of the persecuted Christians who had there taken refuge from the daylight. The

history of illumination is thus connected with that process which gradually reclaimed for high and sacred uses an art that the early confessors were perhaps disposed unreservedly to abandon. Since the revival of the art, the quaintly devised scroll work of our churches has again most deservedly come into vogue. Most of our readers must have acknowledged the noble effect of the resuscitation in the sacred legends which emblazon the side walls of churches and follow the spring of their aisles. The history of the art would also include its application to various other subjects. Many of the old grants and charters were very richly ornamented. In Italy especially this was very extensively the case.

Mr. Delamotte's "Primer" is truly a gem in its way. Without entering into details respecting the history of the art, its suggestive notes serve to arouse interest and stimulate further inquiry. To the student it furnishes the fullest practical instruction. But practical students will probably form only a small section of the possessors of the book. The gorgeous examples with which it is crowded will render it a most attractive ornament to the drawing-room table. The other publication which we have mentioned also appears to us to be entitled to much praise. It is, as its title purports it to be, a manual, and of an extremely useful nature. Without the same amount of historical notices, and destitute of splendid illustrations, still the same amount of practical assistance is rendered to the working student. The volume has also the advantage of an appendix by Mr. T. Goodwin. This gentleman manifestly writes with full knowledge of his subject and great love for it, but there is an affected archaism about his style, of which the general effect is not pleasing.

NEW NOVELS.

Wearing the Willow; or, Bride Fielding. A Tale of Ireland and of Scotland Sixty Years Ago. By the author of "The Nut Brown Maids." (London: J. W. Parker.) The author—or perhaps we should be more correct in saying the authoress—of "Wearing the Willow" is very ambitious, but is not equally successful. The flight aimed at is too high for the strength of wing. The repose of true power is lacking. Spasmodic bursts of effort tend, we are often constrained to confess, to a commonplace conclusion. The style is forced, and even in the best passages engages the attention too prominently. There is too much composition in the book, too little of incident or plot, a great deal of careful and delicate description, but description which very slightly aids the story. Travelling over the pages, we are compelled to cover a good deal of ground, decked prettily enough with stray flowers, but withal a somewhat tedious and unfruitful path. We generally abstain from relating the plot of a tale, but in the present instance this is of so slight a character that we may safely allude to it without destroying any reader's interest in the story. *Bride Fielding*, a fair Irish maiden, lived in Dublin about sixty years ago, when an Irish parliament sat there, and "the purple tints of the rebellion yet lingered on the horizon:"—

"Oh, a very dangerous person was *Bride Fielding* in her 'crop'—those clustering chestnut curls, with their ineffable youthfulness, and just a dash of boyishness; in the complexion seen with such hair, a pure red and white, softened in its brilliance, relieved from delicacy by the sprinkling of wholesome, hardy, open-air freckles—those freckles so sorrowed over, so rubbed in vain with port wine and butter-milk, and what-not, yet starting out, for all that, over the ivory forehead, and the clear, if

rebellious, features; in the round, but firm, outline of the face; in the hazel eyes, with their lashes nearer duskiness than anything else about that fresh, comely body; in the dress—the white frock—not made more womanly by the cherry-coloured ribands, 'strappers,' passed over the shoulders, and crossed on back and on chest. Very like a cherry altogether, a ripening, rosy-sided, roguish, June cherry, was *Bride*. Silly *Bride*, she perceived this effect with her observant eye, and lamented the juvenile air even more poignantly than the freckles, so she sought to amend it by what ladies occasionally wore in dress then—a snowy, starched, muslin kerchief, quite covering the shoulders, peeping over the body of her gown—and a stiff, worked apron, which only served to add a comical, quaint finish to the youthful figure."

No wonder that such a lass soon found a lover, and when *Con Boyle*—the wild, fierce, passionate *Con*—was on the eve of marrying *Mary Power*, whose health he drank with flashing eyes, while "he sprang up with a foot on the table, and with one last wild cheer emptied his glass, waved it in the air, and dashed it to the ground," his brother *Frank* was more quietly satisfying his eyes and filling his heart with the sweet image of *Counsellor Fielding's* daughter. The two young people understood each other perfectly, but when the position of affairs was related to the Counsellor, he demurred like a prudent father, and gave *Frank* to understand so. *Bride*, spoilt child as she was, rebelled against this exercise of parental authority:—

"She walked with *Frank Boyle* by appointment about nothing at *Kinglas* and other places; she corresponded with him clandestinely, if that could be called clandestine where half the city knew of the effusions; and once she actually paid him a flying visit at his lodgings; but that was under the wing of *Mrs. Blake*, and strictly disguised in a strange cap and wrap, and when he sat sick and suffering, and must have run the risk of being driven into a brain fever of gratitude and delight.

"And, privately speaking, the sombre, twilight lodging-room, with its foils and boxing-gloves, cocks' spurs, whips, and top-boots, mixed with its respectable sprinkling of books; its stalwart young invalid roused from a fit of depression, and all quivering, man as he was, with joy and pride; buxom, friendly *Mrs. Blake*, with her blue shawl pinned right afloat her stout person, and her rustic hat, drawing forward the young daisy—blushing, laughing, stammering, ready-to-escape *Bride*—to allow them just ten minutes' chat, to keep up their hearts, the tender young 'craters,' while she peeped into young *Boyle's* cupboards—to discover what stuff his landlady was made of—and saw that he was not undergoing voluntary starvation, and infused for him with her own hands a decent cup of tea, and prescribed it to be drunk as an accompaniment to bread-and-butter, fresh shrimps, or prawns, or a grilled bone, and several slices of the new seed-cake which she had brought him in her fitch muf, which she wore morning and evening, summer and winter when she went a shopping—the whole was not a very ugly sight after all."

But *Frank Boyle* had never yet been "out," that is to say, he had never proved his courage after the fashion of the times by fighting a duel. The opportunity now occurred, and as *Frank* observed to *Bride*, there wasn't a word to say against it, for "Owen Burke down at *Rathtown* had been shamefully abusing poor *John Massey*." *John* applied to *Frank* to take up the cudgels for him, and *Frank* was well pleased with the commission. But unfortunately for poor *Boyle* and for *Bride*—who, by the way, had not the least objection to duelling—*John Massey*, being too much enraged to await the result of this appeal to arms, "blew out *Owen Burke's* brains three minutes too soon, before the seconds had placed them, while they were quietly walking over the field," and

Frank, though having no part in the deed, was compelled to flee the country.

Bride Fielding had a soft heart when it was once in play, and she was a resolute little girl—a little girl with plenty of principle in the background. She would go through with a thing once she had taken it in hand; and now she was devoted to Frank Boyle, she would have hated herself if she had failed him in his sorrow; she would have despised herself if she had denied him any honour to which he was entitled. There was a religious element in the love on which misery had put its seal. Time passes on, and nothing is heard of Frank Boyle. The Counsellor and his wife are removed suddenly by fever, and Bride, an orphan now, goes to Scotland to stay with the Laird and Lady of Silvercraigs, who were relatives of her mother. Here she finds friends and a lover, but she remembers Frank, and gives no encouragement to young Sweethope. At this period a number of French captives are brought to Scotland, and Silvercraigs, amazed at the world and his nearest friends by coming forward first and to request a foreign billet in his peaceful, well-filled house. As the prisoners pass through the town, Bride, who is gazing languidly at the crowd, sees a face among the captives which made her start wildly, close her eyes for a second, and long to lay her hand on her heart. We need scarcely add that that face is Frank Boyle's, and that he happens to be the prisoner selected to be billeted on Silvercraigs. Such a situation might be made very effective in the hands of a first-rate novelist, but instead of vividly arresting the attention here, and reviving the interest of Bride's love affair, which has been dissipated by long episodes and descriptive passages, the story still moves on at a sluggish pace. No outward recognition takes place for months between the two lovers, although living under the same roof, and instead of concentrating all the interest upon the central figures thus critically placed, it is only just at the conclusion of the tale that the light is thrown fully upon them, and that the subordinate characters and incidents are withdrawn into the shade. Indeed, the waste of material in this portion of the volume, where every word ought to tell, and every occurrence should add to the attraction of the position occupied by the heroine and hero, is strikingly apparent. We have given our readers a fair idea of the plot, without revealing its conclusion. Whatever the faults of the tale may be, and we have not hesitated to point out some of them, we must acknowledge at the same time that the ability displayed is of a high order, and there are touches of pathos in the volume, combined with discriminative perception, which lead us to believe that the writer may in time write a tale, not perhaps more clever than this narrative of "Bride Fielding," but infinitely more attractive. As it is, "Yeaving the Willow," comparatively short though it be, would have been twice as interesting, if it had been half the length of all types of a painful and painful—no modest edit vol.

Money: A Novel. By Colin Kennaquahon, Esq. (London: Hurst and Blackett, 43, Great Marlborough Street.) If modesty be not conceded to poets, we do not see on what grounds novelists can lay claim to the privilege. Nevertheless, it would seem that an exception in this respect has been made in their favour by the common consent of gods, men, and publishers. Out of the legion of novels, not pressed, wide-margined, euphoniously christened, that issue annually from the Minerva Press, what an infinitesimal proportion ever attain to the distinction of a second edition! We remember reading in one of the popular

periodicals an amusing article entitled "What becomes of the pins in which the writer indulges in some curious speculations as to the ultimate destiny of these indispensable accessories to the feminine toilet. We might with equal reason inquire, 'What becomes of all the indifferent novels?' Where is the last long home of the hosts of dreary, purposeless, ill-conditioned works of fiction, which, through the mistaken kindness of good-natured publishers, and the condescension of Mr. Mudie, have been palmed off, season after season, upon the reading community? Are they purchased by the square yard, and numbered among the 'properties' of some provincial circulating library? or do they form the instruments of torture in some literary limbo where the shades of departed novel-writers are condemned for their misdeeds in the upper world to a perpetual perusal of their own manifestoes? We fell insensibly into this train of reflection on having down Mr. Colin Kennaquahon's novel, "Money." It is a type of a most extensive class, being neither good nor bad, but simply indifferent. The plot—if plot it can be termed—is of the faintest description, and worked out with the most consummate disregard for either possibilities or probabilities. The dramatic persons are to match. With the single exception of the rich Uncle Joshua—whose character is well drawn, and consistently sustained throughout—there is scarcely a personage in whose fortunes we can feel the slightest interest. In addition to a number of individuals—who, as far as we can make out, are introduced like stage supernumeraries for no earthly object whatever beyond making a show and swelling the story to the legitimate three-volume proportions—we have the stereotyped young man of high principles and higher aspirations; the scheming hypocritical man of the world (the villain of the old-fashioned work of fiction, modified to the requirements of the age, and the demand for "subjective" novels); the omnipresent mother-in-law; the designing young lady on the look-out for a husband and an establishment; and the pretty governess, who, of course, turns out to be the heiress, and is, we presume, intended for the heroine, inasmuch as she is married in the last chapter of vol. iii. to the young man of high principles, whom we have throughout regarded—we really cannot say on what grounds—as the hero. The story, after eliminating the numerous non-essentials, may be briefly told. Mr. John Smith is a young gentleman of limited means, but with large expectations from his uncle, Joshua Smith, the rich merchant and exemplary man of business. Mr. Smith, jun., is about to make a choice of a profession, and after much deliberation arrives at the conclusion that the bar is the shortest and surest road to fame and fortune. He accordingly commences his legal studies, after a course of Alma Mater at Edinburgh, by falling in love with Miss Kate Macdonald. But the course of true love, as usual, both in real life and novels, does not run smooth. Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, the young lady's brother, is a man of the world, and refuses his countenance to the proceeding, unless Mr. J. Smith can obtain his uncle's consent. Besides, Miss Macdonald has another admirer—Mr. Augustus Barnett to wit, a young man of fortune, with only a sickly elder brother standing between him and a baronetcy. Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, in an interview with his sister, takes a most business-like view of the pro and the con of the question. He finally comes to the following conclusion:—

"On the whole, Kate, I think my advice to you would be this: ask Mr. Smith to call upon you, and explain to him that you cannot be the means of

causing any disagreement between himself and his uncle. But that if he can obtain Mr. Joshua Smith's consent to your wish, in this event, favour his suit; though, at the same time, your engagement must remain a secret until such time as he is in a position to marry you. With regard to Barnett, you must (should Smith get his uncle's consent) use all the tact you are mistress of to drop him with as little injury as possible to his vanity, or to what he will no doubt call his feelings. Should your engagement with Smith at any time fall through, you may very likely be able to whistle Barnett back again."

Miss Macdonald, like a dutiful sister, acts upon her brother's advice, and Mr. Smith is compelled to apply for his uncle's consent. He meets with a flat refusal. Mr. Smith, sent, informs his nephew that he has other views for him—in fact, he intends him to marry a certain Miss Elliot, who is supposed to be the heiress to a large fortune. Her claim, however, falls to the ground for want of any legal proof of her father's marriage. Whereupon, Uncle Joshua comes round, and gives his sanction to his nephew's engagement with Miss Macdonald. It being, however, contrary to all precedent to dispose of a hero at the end of vol. i., the course of true love is again interrupted by no less an event than the birth of a heir to Uncle Joshua. This is a death-blow to all Mr. John Smith's expectations, and accordingly Mr. Kenneth Macdonald takes upon himself to refuse his consent to the match. Miss Kate again plays the part of a dutiful sister, acquiesces in the new arrangement, and eventually marries Mr. Augustus Barnett, who comes in for the baronetcy. Mr. John Smith does not die of a broken heart, but, on the contrary, applies himself diligently to his legal studies, falls in love with Miss Elliot (falling in love being apparently, in Mr. Kennaquahon's opinion, an essential in forensic education), and becomes a rising man in his profession. Miss Elliot's claim is again resuscitated; Mr. Smith is retained as junior counsel in the case; and by the providential interposition of the "Deus ex machina" discovers the missing marriage certificate. Everything is now clear; Miss Elliot becomes Mrs. John Smith; Uncle Joshua's baby dies; Uncle Joshua shortly follows; and the curtain falls. We regret we cannot add "res plaudite." To do Mr. Kennaquahon justice, however, we must say that he has made as much as could have been expected out of such meagre materials. If his characters are not very artistically portrayed, they are nevertheless consistently worked out. The dialogue throughout is generally pleasant and well sustained, and some of the soliloquies in which his dramatic personages somewhat frequently indulge, evince considerable power of satire. Did our space permit, we could instance many detached passages in "Money" indicative of great power and acute observation of human nature. Its principal defects are looseness of construction, and inequality of style. If Mr. Kennaquahon will take a little more pains in the elaboration of his plot, and confine himself more closely to probabilities, we feel assured that he will show to much greater advantage, in the event of his again appearing before the public, than on his last visit, and should not sit down to be forgotten as his last did.

The Valley of a Hundred Fires. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," &c. &c. (Hurst and Blackett.) This is a good novel as Mr. Mudie will have a chance of excluding this season. A chance of excluding may be said; inasmuch as, although the tone of the book is one of morality rather than of any professed religion, all the good people are undoubtedly Church of England, and once or twice Dissenting ministers drink

brandy-and-water as if the duty had been taken off their consciences, as well as off the stimulant, by Richard Cobden's celebrated treaty. But for the introduction of a stray dishonour and a casual curate, the readers of the "Valley" might be in the dark as to the precise creed of the hero, for there is little purely Church talk in the book. But who might wonder at people finding the necessity for any difference of opinion with the Rev. John Leslie, who is throughout so good, so human, so much loved, and, it might ironically be said, so ultimately prosperous. It is with the fortunes of a country parson, commencing work some fifty years ago, that we have to deal. The writer thoroughly understands the subject chosen—the duties of a minister—no slight charge, and one that should be taken by no man unprepared to face danger and deprivation in many shapes. However, to put the reader's mind at rest, there is nothing that the Rev. John Leslie will not face. He conquers the hard-hearted dispositions of the miners who work in the "Valley of a Hundred Fires." He is bold to a lord and patron. He tells his very mother-in-law a piece of his mind. He reads the Riot Act, at the head of a small troop of dragons, to an infuriated mob army outside his door. Twenty children, all girls, only twelve years of age, are his only children. He is never known to smoke, and he winds up by courageously wearing a wig! To the lips of the snuff reader naturally rises the coarse commonplace, "Too good for this world." Not so. The Rev. John Leslie, anxious, as the Irishman has it, to be a father instead of a mother, has a wife with but one fault—an incurable trick of producing little girls, for which all sensible men would love her, and Frederick the Great or Napoleon would have had her confined for life. And so, when the boy does come, the growing up the most promising lad ever known, and dies. The father's grief is supposed to amount to sin, and for this he is punished by girls, girls, girls, four to the three years, until at last, when they all come to marry, the reader does not know one from the other, and we might say, in such a case, he is a wise father that knows his own daughter. It is, run over amongst confident card-players, that the ace of trumps was once beaten by a certain William Simmonds, and he lay the legend, "died next week." And so, a law of nature appears to break—the scarcely criminal conduct of Mrs. Leslie ceases; and she presents her husband with twin boys, and another boy that day nine months. The good old Vicar trains them up, and they become gallant soldiers and sailors, and a family party of a couple of hundred dance Sir Roger de Coverley on the fiftieth anniversary of papa's wedding day. Perhaps the purpose of the book is to show a contrast. Side by side with the large Leslie family, all so good and generally so beautiful as to approach to that social pest the model boy or girl, are the Robertses. In every way do they differ from their neighbours. They are good-looking, but delicate and unhealthy; rich and spoiled with luxury, foppish, ignorant, conceited, and ill-will. The contrast is too open to do much more good than spelling-book morality. To grieve the Robertses, come one by one. The wife dies of "the fever" (there is always a "fever" in the country-improving books); a girl marries, and dies as soon as she gets to Merit; four little ones go off the same day, as victims of cholera; the only son, Gus, dies in the Bench, where he is imprisoned for debt; and the father, after making a disreputable second marriage, quietly explodes with apoplexy. This is rather hard on the Robertses. The writer has life to spare without such a

Of all the Leslie family but one dies; and as for births, why, it seems as if one had nothing to do but to run for the nurse and the doctor. But in this book, the incidents of which are so purely domestic, and everyday that we cannot possibly describe them, are to be found some of the pleasantest characters we know of in fiction. The Rev. Mr. Leslie himself is excellent. He parades his devoutness, perhaps, more than is necessary; but it is impossible not to love his mixture of the human and the humorous. He is a happy combination of Mr. Longfellow's "Kavanaugh" and Mr. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice," with just a dash of the "Vicar of Wakefield." As for the girls, did anybody ever meet such nice girls? It is certainly more absurd than usual to fall in love with three volumes; but the story is brought down to the present day, and two or three of the little Leslie ladies remain unmarried, and—who will be the hero of the fourth volume? The Bernards are capital, and also the Dawsons; and beyond all praise are the old twin brothers, the Sabines, John Hugh and Hugh John, who die as they were born, on the same day, and precisely at the same ripe eighty-two. Not only is the drawing of good or quaint characters conspicuous in the "Valley of a Hundred Fires," the flashes of essay and descriptive writing are full of poetry and philosophy. Considering the time covered, the book is very cursory. All the way from three corner hats to chimney pots! From three bottle-men to gentlemen! From hoops and buckram to crimoline and hoops! The transitions are well and easily made, the effect almost papalistic. The "Valley" will be one of the most widely read books of the season. It is not an uninteresting tale, but the interest is of a painful and unhealthy character. We rise from the perusal with a feeling of oppression, as though we had been breathing in an exhausted atmosphere. Nothing can be more unreal than the prelude to the novel, from which it derives its name, except, perhaps, its horrible conclusion. Undisciplined, selfish, and impetuous as John Aylmer, the hero, and relater of the story, is, we find it difficult to believe that he is also an atrocious villain. The chief character, in fact, wants harmony, and the subordinate personages in the tale are too feebly drawn to excite much attention. The "Lighthouse" will probably gain admirers among the novel-reading public, but it will find no acceptance with that smaller public which reads novels in order to gain a profounder knowledge of human nature, and a higher view of human life.

SHORT NOTICES. *Redemption Deceived: Not, or, the Great Prejudice.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. (London: Richard Bentley.) It was reserved to the earlier part of this century to break down the barriers of time and space, by the discovery of steam locomotion and the electric telegraph; but it would seem as if a still greater triumph was now about to reward the investigations of theological science, in unfolding the secrets which for so many ages have been enveloped in the mists of ancient prophecy. The number of volumes on the subject, from the large octavo in three or four volumes to the less pretentious pamphlet of little more than a many pages, is scarcely less remarkable than the variety of speculations which, wherever you go, are daily propounded respecting the course of future events. Some enthusiastic students of the sacred oracles, as Elliott and Stier, and Champman, have pursued their inquiries in the strictest principles of learned

criticism, and it cannot be denied that a very profound scholarship has, in their hands, shed much valuable light on important passages of both the Old and the New Testament. Even would it be many who possess the requisite qualifications, were induced to follow in their wake; for there are parts of the Bible—the prophecies of Ezekiel, Habakkuk, and Malachi—which have never yet been subjected to a minute and scientific analysis. But there are other writers, of whom Dr. Cumming may be taken as the representative, that profess to give, in a compendious and popular form, the results which they have obtained from the able researches of the former, their design, and it is a laudable one, being rather to convey instruction to the masses, than to afford any additional information to the scholar; but even these, by apt illustration and oftentimes by seizing upon the salient points of passing history, have added somewhat to the interest, if not to the interpretation of prophecy. It is greatly to be lamented that another class of writers, without judgment, many of them without any pretensions to learning, should have succeeded by their crude and inconsistent theories in bringing discredit upon topics which, assuming the inspiration of the sacred authors, are the most sublime, and it may be, at the present time the most solemnly momentous, on which the mind of man could be engaged. The dogmatism of such schoolists is indeed most insufferable; but it is possible to err in the same direction and even more offensively, for those who, without reason and without inquiry, turn away from all attempts at prophetic interpretation, as if they were unworthy of the notice of sober-minded Christians. That we are on the eve of vast political complications, whatever may be their issue, can scarcely be doubted. In every part of the world there are signs of an approaching convulsion. We suppose the present Premier will be generally allowed to be one of the most sagacious statesmen of the age, and it was on no unimportant occasion that he uttered these striking words before the assembled Commons of England:—"It was impossible for any one to cast his eyes over the face of Europe, and see and hear what is passing, and not be convinced that the future is not free from danger. It is difficult to say when the storm may burst, but the horizon is charged with clouds which brook no possibility of a tempest." Now, the question to be primarily considered is one which too many are apt to decide without inquiry. Are there indications of any such approaching crisis in the prophetic records? Assuming a universal conflict to be imminent, is it, according to the analogy of Scripture, likely to find a place in its inspired predictions? In short, has prophecy anything to do with the political affairs of nations? If the question be decided in the affirmative, then we can nothing improbable or unreasonable in Dr. Cumming's speculations. It is certain that, as a body, the German authors have entirely failed in their attempts to expound unfulfilled prophecies. The absurd and inconsistent theories propounded by such men as Reuss, Ewald, Lucke, and Dinstedter, have caused many to fall back on the old historical school of interpreters. Dr. Cumming, in the volume before us, gives substantially the same views as those maintained by Hengstenberg, Dr. Isaac Newton, Bishop Horsley, and many others whose names alone are sufficient to repel a flimsy criticism. For anything we can see to the contrary, the angelic forces in China now be preparing a scene for the kings of the earth—the fanatical enthusiasts of the Moslem may indicate that the waters of the mystic Euphrates are being rapidly dried up, for the seizure of the Pope's temporalities may be the fulfilment of the prediction that the ten horns shall have the woman, and make her desolate and naked;—and the immense warlike preparations in every country in Europe may betoken the approaching war of Armageddon. On these points, however, it is not so that doubt in such questions is to form a candid examination. To those who have not time or opportunity to become acquainted with the more critical treatises of Elliott, Stier, and Champman, the present volume by Dr. Cumming, if we think his best, will afford some information that is valuable, if they are not disposed to indulge in speculations. The chapter on Ezekiel's vision and mission, which is an epitome of Champman's

recent remarkable work, entitled "Isaiah's Call to England," will be read with avidity. Both he and Dr. Cumming take a very hopeful view of the part which our own country shall play in the coming trial of the nations; but, assuming the correctness of their interpretation of the prophecies respecting Tarshish, they seem almost to have overlooked the awful declaration of Isaiah, that the day of the Lord shall be on all the ships of Tarshish. The iron-clad gun-boats of France may do us more damage than any prophetic writer has yet dared to hint.

Helen. A Romance of Real Life. By Raymond Lock. (London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.) Scarcely ever has it been our fortune to read a book so entirely devoid of any kind of interest as the one now before us. Instead of plot we have the most unnatural and unlikely of accidents, and all described in the most bald and childish manner. By way of variety, we have alternate chapters of the nonsense of a school-girl, and the scheming of a half-mad impostor. The apparent aim of the book is to give us the life of a girl called Helen, who, from unfortunate circumstances, is obliged to take a situation as governess in a family, the head of which is described as "a man who does not affect quite contempt for science and literature, but to whom all poetry is foolishness;" and whose wife, we are told, was secretary to all the religious societies of her neighbourhood. Under such circumstances, we could hardly promise Helen much happiness. We are now introduced to the chief character in the book, who is none other than a crazed lady's maid, who, having first induced Helen's weak-minded mistress to believe that she is a relation, and then settled herself in the same house, immediately begins to cause Helen to feel the full unpleasantness of a governess's "place." There we are treated to a long account of little family squabbles, which every one perfectly understands without having them presented in the juvenile style in which the writer seems so much to delight. However, after following Helen through all her troubles, we have the satisfaction of knowing that at last she is made happy, and the famous impostor discovered. Of course it is unnecessary to notice the minor characters of the book, except just to say that for the most part they consist of ladies of high degree, and officers. How much better had the writer given us the life of one of the many hundred of the governesses one meets every day, instead of the feeble trash in the volume before us! In conclusion, we would strongly advise the writer to direct his or her talents into some other channel than that of romance.

The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography. Compiled under the Supervision of W. G. Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S. (London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Messrs. Blackie and Sons.) Unless we go into a critical analysis beyond our province, there is not much to be said about an atlas. However, all that can be said in praise should certainly be alleged of the handsome volume before us. It contains a hundred maps, and a copious index of 120,000 names, so that the most inexperienced will find no difficulty in discovering places the most outlandish. We may notice that the maps are sufficiently large (measuring twenty-two inches by fifteen) to allow the delineation of the most important geographical features; at the same time, they are not too large to be comfortably handled. Further, there are several maps which are not generally found in ordinary atlases. For instance, the Caucasus is rarely to be met with in atlases, and yet, as being the place on which Russian attacks on our Oriental dominions will be based, it is of more than common interest to the British public. Then, again, is it not the seat of the "great Caucasian mystery"? The two maps of the North and South Pacific Ocean are worthy of especial notice, and are on a scale not common for places so remote. The "Imperial Atlas" has been compiled by competent geographers, such as Wetier, Lawry, Hughes, Bartholomew, and J. C. Walker. But the excellence of the Atlas is not more remarkable than its extraordinary cheapness, each map costing about a shilling, as the volume (price five guineas, bound) contains a hundred maps. We have consulted all the maps of places with which we are familiar, and are able to speak with the highest commendation of their accuracy and fulness.

British Policy in China. By John Scarth. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.) Mr. Scarth draws

a gloomy picture of Tartar power in China, and deems it strange that the efforts of British diplomacy have been directed to uphold the present dynasty. Assuredly, if ever non-intervention should be the policy of our Government, it is in the case of the struggle between the "rebels" and the Imperial power. The pamphlet before us is of too special and political a character to justify lengthened comment in our columns, but we willingly call the attention of our readers to the abuses it unfolds. The account of the revolutionists is interesting and apparently impartial. Mr. Scarth states that all the foreign newspapers in China are now writing in favour of the rebellion. "Take all the tyranny," he says, "that was ever perpetrated in Naples, and all the misgovernment of Rome, they would not show a tithe of the oppression to which the Chinese have had to submit under their Tartar rulers. Why, then, should not the Chinese rebel? Is it only Italians that are to have our sympathy?" Mr. Scarth deprecates the policy adopted by Lord Elgin as a policy founded solely on expediency. His reasons for this assertion are clearly stated, and the fears he expresses with reference to the course likely to be pursued by our Government in the future, are reasonable enough to call for well-grounded apprehension. But the greatest danger to be dreaded arises from the union of France with England in the present conflict with the Celestials. From such an union we can prognosticate nothing but confusion.

Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs: A Popular Book of Botany. By Mary Pirie. (James Blackwood.) This is a pleasantly written and prettily got up book. We cannot say, however, that it supplies a place in our literature, for readable works on botany are plentiful as blackberries, and there is nothing of a distinctive character in the plan of this volume. The author speaks in her preface of having endeavoured to render the science of botany popular, but she is too late in the field, for the work has been done, and done well already. Even the fashion of poetical illustrations in which she indulges largely and pleasantly, has been set by earlier writers.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The Graduated Series of Reading-Lesson Books for all Classes of English Schools. In Five Books. Book the Second. (London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, 1860.) If repetition of experiment be the path of discovery, then surely we may hope that the great problem of "education," regarded in its intellectual aspect, is in a fair way to be solved. We speak in reference solely to the first steps of intellectual culture and development—the best means of rousing the mental faculties, the food best suited to their yet feeble digestion, the amount of exertion which will strengthen, without overtaxing, the yet immature fibre of the intellectual muscle. This, although in the order of nature it is the preliminary problem, is yet, in the order of fact, the last to be considered; and just as the diseases of infancy are among the least understood of all human ailments, so, too, the conditions under which a human mind may be best started upon its mysterious career have been the last to engage the thoughts and the study of the scientific teacher. Of late years, however, there has been no lack of effort in this department. If we had headed our article with a complete list of all the educational books of the last twenty years, of the single class called "Reading Books," which have been put forth under the auspices, not of quacks and charlatans, but of really thinking men, we should have encumbered our pages in a manner simply unwarrantable. Every class and section of the community has contributed its band of workmen to the enterprise of producing "Reading Books" suited to the opening intelligence of childhood and early boyhood, and each successive or contemporary stratum bears the most amusing and evident traces of the influences under which it was produced. The Irish Educational Board, the British and Foreign School Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, the English National Society, are all represented in this department of educational endeavour; while still more recently the two great publishing houses of London and Edinburgh have entered the field of competition. The Messrs. Con-

stable, of Edinburgh, represent the last new lights of the north, as to the manner in which the nascent intellect is to be roused, trained, and fed; and Messrs. Longman, of London, are now issuing a series of "Reading Books," less ambitious than the above-named in point of external appearance, type, and paper, but by no means less aspiring in their aim and object. We accept the fact that large commercial houses have entered upon such publications as a matter of business, as an evidence that some definite progress has been made, or at least is believed to have been made, in producing "an article" in some degree suited to its purpose; or, if this be saying too much, we may yet accept it as clear proof that some method more careful and thoughtful than mere haphazard is thought desirable in the earliest stages of intellectual development. We believe that this last-named series (Messrs. Longman's) is intended to consist of five separate books, graduated so as to correspond with the mental powers proper to different ages and capacities. Of these five volumes three are now before us—the second, third, and fourth of the series; and as it is manifest that no small pains and intelligence, together with the rarer faculty of considerable sympathy with the childish mind, have been employed in the selection and arrangement of their materials, we shall take the opportunity of making some remarks upon the educational value of a well-considered "Reading Book," and on the principles which have been observed by the editor of Messrs. Longman's "Graduated Series." The reading book is an expedient through which an intelligent teacher carries on these three processes together: first, that of teaching the pupil to read; next, that of teaching him to exert his own faculties on what he reads; thirdly, that of conveying kindred and collateral information. In later years, when the habit of attention has been formed, and when the mental faculties are under the control of the will, perhaps the most important office of all true education is to produce the power of concentration. This is, at least, our traditional English doctrine on the subject; and inasmuch as it is only by habit and exercise that this power can be acquired, we conceive that the subject-matter on which the mind of youth should be exercised ought not to be unnecessarily varied—that it should be such as to demand long, close, continuous application of the whole mind, rather than brief and often intermittent applications to diverse objects. In childhood or early boyhood the case is reversed. There the faculty of attention itself has to be aroused, the habit of attention has to be formed, and the mental powers, even if naturally of a high order, are still so comparatively feeble, that anything like pertinacious application is impossible; or, if in some degree attained, is most fatally mischievous. The wise elementary teacher knows that if his first duty is to produce attention, his next is to avoid wearying the mind of his pupil. Happily, indeed, for the mental future of our school children, the childish mind does not easily suffer itself to be wearied. Attempt to overtax it, and it speedily refuses to exert itself at all. Like a young horse who will not pull again if he finds his first strain on the traces ineffectual to move the load, so, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the childish mind will not let itself be forced—we will not say to think, but to attend—more than is good for it. The distinction which we have above indicated prescribes, of course, a corresponding difference in the methods of teaching which are appropriate in the respective cases, and necessitate an entirely different kind of educational literature. It is to meet this need that in the last twenty or four-and-twenty years the class of books called "Reading Books" has been called into existence. They consist, as we have above stated, of short lessons. Each extract is selected so as within a brief compass (short enough to avoid the error we have described) to convey some definite and complete lesson to the pupil, while at the same time he is exercised in the art of *vis à vis* reading. A really good selection of extracts for a reading book is an exceedingly difficult thing to make, since not only ought each extract to be such as to convey some definite instruction, but also it should not be too far ahead of his antecedent knowledge, or of the tastes and tendencies already formed or forming in his mind. Some of our earlier lesson books—those,

for example, of the Irish National Board—we are constructed in the most ludicrous neglect of this latter caution. They were compiled in the days—now, we hope, as antiquated as the days before the deluge—when the educational *savans* believed that the regeneration of mankind was to be effected by what was called useful knowledge—the word useful being taken chiefly, if not entirely, in its relation to the mechanical arts. Accordingly the Irish Society's books abound in the neatest, but the driest, explanations of the lever, the pulley, and the screw; they are strong in political economy, in agriculture—in fact, in all those matters upon which the grown-up mind of a very busy class of persons was engaged some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, but they are painfully devoid of all that the childish mind is peculiarly capable of appreciating and assimilating. Viewed as mere exercises in the mechanical part of the art of reading, of course one set of extracts may be nearly as good as another, so far as the subject-matter is concerned. But the fundamental idea of an elementary reading book is that of one which is also an educational book; one whose contents are to train the faculties and instruct the mind, so that the selection must be made with a special reference to the questions, what faculties are already so far developed as to be capable of training, and what kind of instruction will the opening mind receive. Now, for a very considerable period after mere infancy is past, the emotional part of our nature, the affections, and the feelings, predominate very largely not only over the reasoning faculties, but over the powers of observation also, and you should attempt to awaken these latter through the former. The natural order of development is, first, the feelings and affections, the sentiments of admiration and love, of fear and hatred, and the like; next the faculties of observation; and, lastly, the higher mental powers, whereby we compare, and contrast, and draw inferences, and discern principles. The method which all true mental culture follows, whether the teacher pursues it on scientific principles or through his own intuitive tact, is surely that of availing itself of the successive *points d'appui* which are thus offered by the natural growth of the human intelligence and reason, and by keeping the amount of imparted knowledge always a little ahead of the actual demand; to provide that the growing and expanding intellect shall always find some appropriate food for its increasing energies, already laid up in the storehouse of its memory. It is a first law of nature that the due exercise of every natural power, whether of the mind or of the body, is accompanied with its appropriate sensation of pleasure. This law pervades even the region of true criticism, and righteous self-surrender. Much more then must we look to it as the providential guide and beacon light, when we are treating the nascent humanity in that stage where instinct has scarcely yet given place to reason at all, and where instinctive likes and dislikes, generally very unequivocally manifested, are really our only guides as to what are the faculties which the little creature is capable of exerting, what are the objects upon which it is really capable of exerting itself. It is not by giving young boys, or children, sentences of the simplest construction merely, or in words selected with a pious horror of endeca-syllabic mystery, that we are consulting their natural taste, or conforming ourselves to their inchoate intelligence. These things, in their place and measure, we ought to consider, but to stop short at this point is the merest pedantry and pharisaism of primary education. The substance of which this is the outward form, consists in our selecting such matter for their earlier essays in the action of the mind as is in its own nature attractive; subjects in which they can feel an interest; information which they can perceive is information—information (as the modern phrase runs) which is information to them—not information which the grown man has discovered to be information to him. It was the neglect of this latter principle, combined with an almost ludicrous slavery to the "words of one syllable," "words of two or more syllables," method of progression, which defaced and injured our earlier attempts at juvenile reading books: their compilers regarding reading solely as a mechanical art. Now, a mechanical art reading undoubtedly is, and if clergymen and members of Parliament would only regard it a little more in this light in their own

practice, it would be the better for us, both in church and state. But reading is not a mechanical art alone. Presuming that the antecedent mechanical conditions have been satisfied, a man's reading aloud is the surest expression of his stage of mental culture, and a very accurate measure of the degree in which the logical faculty and the taste and the feelings predominate in his constitution. It is even an index, to some extent, to his *morale*. At all events, you may form a pretty close judgment as to whether his character is energetic or lethargic, whether he is better fitted to command than to persuade, whether he will win others by the power of sympathy, or repel them by a natural austerity. This being so, it follows that neither man nor child can by any possibility really read that which has no corresponding existence in their own minds. Expression presupposes an "idea," and the possession of an "idea" (the mechanical conditions being granted) all but necessitate its expression. You can scarcely help reading well that which you fully understand, and in which you are really interested. You feel that misplaced emphasis is murder, and you stand convicted before the bar of your own judgment. But if you have no sympathy with your author, or feel no interest in your subject, no compunctions of conscience will visit you; no ghosts of murdered "ideas" will haunt your mental pillow, and you will go from slaughter to slaughter as callous as a Mohammedan to the deaths of unnumbered Giaours. It is exactly the same, only in still greater degree, with children. They will soon learn to read if they feel an interest in what they read. Give them something which they can master, ideas which they can make their own, and the mere natural pleasure of acquiring and possessing that which their minds are capable of possessing will arouse a sensation of satisfaction, which gives interest to the subject, and therefore, by consequence, expression to the "reading." The "vis inertiae," then, once overcome, the remainder of the problem is of comparatively easy solution, and the education of the mind, the cultivation of the taste, the formation of the habits of observation, comparison, inference, and all that goes to make up what we understand by the offices of instruction and mental discipline, may be conducted without the slightest consciousness on the pupil's part that he is the subject of a skillful scientific process, until the time shall come when he is old enough to comprehend for himself what is meant by mental analysis, and is called in his own turn, by the events of life, to assist in, if not to conduct, the education of others. We are very glad to be able to speak in high terms of the matter and arrangement of Messrs. Longman's series of reading books. The "lessons" are brief, and we think very attractive. The special aim of the compiler seems to have been to "graduate" the lessons, not only according to the verbal and the grammatical "hardness" of the merely literary vehicle of thought, but also according to the ideas which form the subject matter. The Miscellaneous Section comprises a small collection of simple ballads, of which about two-thirds are made up of the "Babes in the Wood," "John Gilpin," "Chevy Chase," Southey's "Father William," and "The Incheape Rock." In our judgment, the latter part of the Miscellaneous Section and the Stories of Animals are the best part of the book. The second book is followed by a third, in which the Miscellaneous, the Natural History, and the Poetical portions re-appear; the selections being, of course, longer, and adapted to older children, while two new sections are added. These two sections are introductory to larger corresponding sections in the fourth book of the series, in which the "Descriptive Travel" goes further afield, and includes scenes from Southern Europe, levying contributions upon Washington Irving, Laing, Ruskin, Kinglake, and even ascending the Wetterhorn, under the guidance of Mr. Wills; while the Historical Section, again limited to English history, strikes us as really admirable. These sketches are arranged in chronological order; seventeen pages are given to seven lessons on periods prior to the Tudors; and fifty-two pages to twenty readings on the interval between the Tudor period and the Revolution of 1688. It must ever be a hopeless task to attempt to please all readers in a selection of sketches connected with this latter period, which

will always remain the great debatable land between the two great opposite parties, into which all those who hold definite principles at all are sure to be divided, and we cannot suppose that the character of the editor's selections in this portion of the work is likely to meet with universal favour. For ourselves, we only say that the selection is excellent of its kind. This fourth book adds two new sections to those which it has in common with its predecessors. Of these, one is Biographical, the other is Scientific. Both are, we presume, intended to lead up to enlarged sections of the same kind in the fifth and concluding volume of the series. The natural science section is good, but it would require a well-skilled teacher to use it properly. It is chiefly restricted to geology and physical geography, most of the latter being taken from Guizot's charming little book, "Earthman." The selection of characters in the biographical division is, in our judgment, somewhat poor and meagre. We may be doing our worthy compiler injustice, but as we cannot but regard this section as being in some measure the Valhalla of the book, we do hope he will improve his selection before he publishes his concluding volume. We have but to remark in conclusion that we do very seriously object to the prefatory notices, or introductions to these volumes. In themselves they are admirable. They contain brief and excellent expositions of the principles on which the selections are made, and ought to be read with due care by the teachers who use the books. But the books are meant to be read by the pupils, and it is above all things desirable that young children and boys should not be led into thinking about themselves, their faculties, the way in which they ought to be taught, enticed to read, coaxed, tricked into forming a taste for reading, and the like, as they are likely to be if they read the prefaces and introductions to this "graduated series." Why not—if all these remarks must be circulated with the books—why not let them be lightly stitched into the book before the title-page, or pasted against its fly-leaf, so as to be removed at once before the book is given to the pupil?

NEW MUSIC.

1. "La Reconnaissance." Nocturne pour piano Par Frederick S. Clark. (Augener and Co., 86, Newgate Street.)
2. "The Evening Chime." Ballad, written and composed by William H. Eayres. (Augener & Co.)
3. "Whither I love to Stray." Song, composed by Madame Leupold. (Augener and Co.)
4. "Serenade to Ida." Song, with piano accompaniment, by William Weingand. (Augener & Co.)
5. "Dinorah." Opera by Meyerbeer; for voice and pianoforte; with English and Italian words. (Boosey and Sons, Helles Street.)

No. 1 is a slight but graceful andantino, in the key of E flat; common time. A short prelude of six bars, consisting of arpeggio passages, formed from the common chords of E flat and C, terminating with a semi-cadence on the dominant B flat, leads up to the principal melody of the piece, which consists of two phrases: the first is about twelve bars in length; the second, after a short digression of two bars into the key of C flat, shortly after returns to the original strain in the key of E flat. The difficulty of the piece is slightly increased in the last page, by taking the bass with two-part arpeggio harmonies of the tonic and dominant. On the whole, this *morceau*, written by a practised musician, lies well for the hand, and may be recommended to the notice of performers on the piano, of average ability, who desire to combine an agreeable melody with a small amount of solid practice.

No. 2 is a ballad, written and composed by Mr. William Eayres, a promising young violinist, pupil of Sainton and of Molique. The melody, which is in the key of D, common time, is simple and flowing, though entitled to the claim of much originality, recalling, as it does, in the fifth and sixth bars, the music of Hobb's ballad, set to the words, "For while thine eyes are sparkling bright." Being of moderate compass, from E up to G above the line, it makes no great demand upon the vocal powers. The discord in the ninth bar, arising from the G

An English version of Verdi's "Don Carlos," produced at this theatre on Friday evening last week, was the occasion of presenting to the English public three new performers—Madame Falkner in the character of *Isabella*; Mr. Alberto Lawrence as the *Conde di Luna*; and Mr. Theodore Distin as *Ferrando*. Of the latter we shall be better able to speak when we see him in a part affording greater scope for the display of his dramatic powers than that of *Ferrando*; as far as the mere singing went it was in all respects satisfactory. Mr. Lawrence has a good bass voice, rather coarse, perhaps, and even vulgar in quality and evidently quite untrained; but his enunciation is slow, careful, and emphatic, and as he shows great capabilities for the stage, he may become a valuable acquisition, though this is only to be brought about by patient and assiduous cultivation of his vocal powers. Two incidents, trifling in themselves, which occurred in the course of the representation, led us to the conclusion that he had not yet sufficiently acquainted himself with his part—at all events, on the Covent Garden boards. One was his inadvertent commencement of the *Conde's* speech in the first scene of the third act (just after the chorus "Squili scorchia la tromba" in Italian "In mezzo al mio rivo," instead of using the English text). The other was his pointing out to *Isabella* the execution of *Maritica* as taking place on his left hand, whilst that event was being enacted on another part of the stage. Attention to details such as these goes far to complete that dramatic illusion, without which our enjoyment of even the highest music becomes unsatisfactory and incomplete. The success of the new *prima donna* was assured almost from the very first notes to which she gave utterance. Her voice is of fair compass, execution easy and fluent, and the quality generally sweet, though sometimes rather hard, especially in the upper notes. With youth, good looks, and a lively manner, she carried the audience completely with her. At the end of "Di tale amor" (Act I. scene i.) she was rapturously applauded, and compelled to repeat it. The same degree of applause attended her vocal efforts throughout the evening, and her triumph was as genuine and as well founded as her most sincere admirers could wish. Mr. Hugh St. Maurice displayed his beautiful tenor voice to perfection, though far inferior to that of Mr. Sam. Rogers in volume and power, it is quite as beautiful and sweet in point

quality. He acted the part of the Troubadour with great spirit and feeling; and elicited, as might be supposed, an unanimous encore in the pathetic "Ah! che la morte," (Act 4), as also in the "Ah! si, ben mio" (Act 3). Miss Leffler, whom we have had occasion to comment for her assumption of the part of *Chica*, in "Lurline," is wholly unfitted for that of the vindictive and terrible gipsy, *Azucena*; we regret this the more, as her failure arose, not from any want of pains on her part, but from a natural inaptitude for taking a character where vigour and energy are required. To preface the "Trovatore" with Rossini's brilliant overture to "Semiramide" seems to us very much like interpolating one of Macaulay's spirit-stirring lays at the head of one of Tupper's discourses in his Proverbial Philosophy; however, as Signor Verdi is either unwilling or unable to compose a fitting overture, we suppose we must acquiesce in the arrangement, and congratulate ourselves that it has fallen to the lot of so splendid a band to execute it. We should have stated above that Mr. Lawrence obtained an encore in the overlasting "Il Balen," and that the four principal performers were called before the curtain at the end of the fourth act.

Auber's sparkling opera, "The Crown Diamonds," was revived at this theatre on Tuesday last. Miss Louisa Pyne's vocalisation, at all times easy and brilliant, amounts to something marvellous in this opera, where there are so many opportunities for display, and so many difficulties to be overcome: not content, however, with these, but, like Alexander, wishing for more worlds to conquer, she introduces Rode's air with its difficult variations at the end of the opera; this we would rather have omitted, being utterly alien to the spirit and tone of Auber's music. Mr. Harrison acts the part of *Don Henrique* in his usual spirited manner; but the music assigned to this rôle is by no means favourable to his quality of voice. Miss Thirlwall, as the Count's daughter, sang with distinctness, and in the "Bolero duet" was deservedly encored. Mr. Horncastle, as *Count de Campo Mayor*, did his best to be funny—but with only a partial success; the less that is said about his singing the better. Mr. Corri's impersonation of *Rebollo* is always most vigorous and effective; on the present occasion he was as successful as ever, and without degenerating into anything like "pantaloonery," he managed, both in the character of the *Chief Coiner*, and also in that of "Count Antonio los Morillas de Fuentes, grand detector of rogues, swindlers, and reprobates," to keep the audience amused from beginning to end. At the close of the opera Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were twice summoned before the curtain.

With Gounod's "Faust" in prospect and Balfe's new opera on the "Bravo of Venice," the public will not have to complain of the absence of novelty at this house.

EXETER HALL.

Enterprise and energy continue to characterise the efforts of Dr. James Peck, in his present series of musical entertainments, to which he has given the very appropriate name of the "People's Philharmonic Concerts." The "Messiah," given for the first time on Wednesday week, at Exeter Hall, was repeated on Wednesday last, to an unusually large audience. Last Saturday, Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" in G was given; and this night it is to be Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Whether the duties which Dr. Peck imposes on his chorus are not rather too arduous, we leave for his consideration; for surely two great choral works, such as the "Elijah" (promised for Wednesday next) and the "Messiah," to say nothing of the "Stabat Mater," Mozart's Mass, and a few glees and madrigals interspersed in the miscellaneous concert, are more than enough to occupy, even in simple rehearsals, a whole fortnight. We are glad to see that the public are becoming more fully acquainted with the merits of these concerts, and that they are showing their appreciation of them by crowding to them. Next week we shall speak of these concerts in greater detail.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The "Elijah" was performed for the first time this season on Wednesday last, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. George Perren being the principal soloists. This being Madame Sherrington's first essay in oratorio

music, considerable interest was felt on the occasion, as we have at present no one singer capable of filling the void made by Madame Novello's abandonment of her profession. At present, we can hardly say that this high honour is due to Madame Sherrington; but she has youth on her side, and a golden opportunity, of which she must avail herself. Madame Sainton-Dolby's exquisite rendering of "Oh! rest in the Lord" received its usual encore; as did also the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes." Mr. George Perren delivered the two tenor solos, "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous shine," with great feeling and correctness; the chorus was hearty and vigorous, though somewhat wanting in decision. Mr. George Lake presided at the organ, and in the choral recitatives contributed greatly to the support of the voices, which are always more or less inclined to waver in these passages. The hall was extremely well filled, although a performance of the "Messiah" was taking place the same evening at Exeter Hall; a circumstance which might reasonably have been supposed to interfere with the numbers here. Such, however, was not the case; and Dr. Wylde may be congratulated upon the power which he possesses of bringing together so large a body of musical amateurs, in spite of the numerous counter-attractions to be found in all parts of London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Saturday a concert was given by the Vocal Association, under the guidance of Mr. Benedict. As this society consists almost wholly of amateurs, they can hardly be considered as amenable to professional criticism. However, their performances in some cases would have done no discredit even to professors of the vocal art. The programme, consisting mainly of songs and glees, was made up of twenty pieces—far too many, considering the monotony that must necessarily arise from a performance of this nature, where there are no instruments to give effect and variety. Two of Mr. Benedict's compositions were given, the first of which, "The Cradle Song," was encored. The same honour was awarded to the song from Preciosa, "When the gentle eve descending," the flute obbligato being very tastefully played by Master Aldridge. We were afforded an opportunity of hearing Macfarren's unaccompanied part-song, "Now the sun has mounted high," from the third act of Robin Hood, always omitted on the stage. The only instrumental performances were a solo on the clarinet by Mr. Papé, and a solo on the pianoforte by Miss Eleanor Ward, the latter being fairly executed, considering the extreme youth of the fair performer. A few more instrumental pieces to break the monotony would have been desirable, and we beg to suggest this to Mr. Benedict on the occasion of his next concert here.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The London play-goers have now a rare opportunity of forming a judgment of the merits of "The Love Chase," by comparison, as the boards, both of the Lyceum and Haymarket theatres are now the scene of the vagaries of *Neighbour Constance* and the sheepishness of *Master Wildrake*. Apart from all invidious comparison, we confess it seems to us that Miss Amy Sedgwick as *Constance* is not sufficiently piquante. She is rather too coarse, and scarcely smart enough.

LYCEUM.

A new piece has been brought out at this theatre during the past week, for the purpose of introducing a new candidate for dramatic laurels to the public. "The Pioneers" is not a play very much after our own taste. Its point depends almost entirely on the acting of Mr. Watkins, and we confess that is as little to our taste as the piece itself.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, Oct. 25.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, the Professor of Modern History, has been calling attention to a remarkable circumstance in connection with the very modern history of the university. Yet, though it is true

that the facts are modern, at the same time the learned gentleman's complaint is constitutional.

We are told that in the course of the last session, and near upon its close, Mr. Smith's attention was called to the fact that a University Bill had made considerable parliamentary progress, as it had been read twice, and was standing for committee. On inquiry he found that the bill was of a singularly sweeping character; that it dealt with present and future trusts on the part of the university, with only one exception, that of no change being permitted in the tenure of those professorships which are held by clergymen, as far as this antecedent limitation went; and that, in short, congregation, or in effect the council, was to be invested by the bill with singular powers for effecting presumed academical advantages.

Now, this change in the constitution and management of academical trusts may be convenient, or even necessary. But there was a very awkward, and as yet unexplained, circumstance connected with the history of this bill. It was entrusted to the two university representatives, must have been drawn up at the instance of the council, or at least with the knowledge of all, or a section of them, but was unknown to the university at large, and in appearance was put forward at a time when the university, being occupied with enjoying the long vacation, had no opportunity of assent or objection. It is said that the principle of the bill would have met with serious opposition. At any rate, it was far too important a measure for that body to originate which is empowered only to deliberate on questions to be submitted to the judgment of congregation, and which has an initiative only as a material for subsequent deliberation. The whole transaction is either an act of the most negligent carelessness, or a procedure displaying the scantiest possible amount of tact, or an affront to congregation, which a representative body should be very cautious in putting upon it, especially as its independence is as fresh as it is energetic.

In any case, it is a matter which needs to be explained, in order that there should be confidence between the council and the senate of the university—that is to say, congregation. Council is not elected by any rational method. Men's names are proposed by some clique or common room, and half the elective body do not vote. It is a pity that the election is not of that kind in which candidates offer themselves. And one feels this more than ever to be the case, because it is notorious that the council is so far from representing the body of congregation that it is very difficult to pass the simplest measures which they initiate.

That, however, the simplest measures are not always the safest and wisest, appears pretty evidently from a proposal to be made on Thursday, the 25th, to congregation, to the effect that the university should empower the Vice-Chancellor, with the assent of certain officials, to invest all university funds in whatever securities may seem advantageous to that functionary. Of course, the more intelligent the Vice-Chancellor is, the more likely is he to be led into conceiving that certain investments will be beneficial; and, *eo ipso*, the more likely is he to be deceived. Then, Who would have thought it? is the cry. And as these officers are irresponsible, the cry will be a nine days' wonder, however permanent may be the mischief. I, for my part, was glad to see that the plan was impugned in a paper circulated on Saturday last, and with which I thoroughly agree. The university should be as careful about her investments as an old woman is, or as an old woman ought to be. This paper, I see, alludes to the fact that during the period in which the Vice-Chancellor was empowered to employ university balances for his own purposes, subject, of course, to making up his accounts at the determination of his office, and from the employment of which he derived his income, a certain Vice-Chancellor thought proper to make advances on a security which seemed good, but turned out worthless, and that thereupon he was obliged by hook or crook to scrape together the deficit, against his laying down his office. There is nothing to prevent a similar error being made under the proposed statute, with the additional inconvenience of the university being the loser, instead of the ingenious and sanguine speculator. Some of your readers may

remember how the widow of a distinguished English divine and scholar was defrauded of more than £50,000 by the dishonesty of a highly-respectable family solicitor, who used her money for his own purposes, and represented that he had advanced it on mortgage to mortgagors who did not exist, and on an estate in *nubibus*. No doubt that solicitors to corporations are honest and conscientious, but it is neither good for them nor for their employers that the one should trust too much, and the other be trusted too much. Half our social virtue, I take it, comes out of mutual checks, and we have to thank the caution of others for our own moderation and self-respect.

The Oxford ladies, who used to walk out in order to meet and take stock of the Prince when he was going to and from his lectures, will be disappointed hereafter of the august presence, for it is, we are informed, decided that we have seen the last of his residence here. He was colonel of the University Rifle Volunteers, but I do not think he ever donned its unpretending uniform. The volunteers themselves, by the way, are drilling almost daily, and a fine lot of young fellows they look; only, they are as yet sadly lacking in what is their nominal strength, for they have not shown out in greater numbers than about 150 to 200 this term, while they are, I believe, upon paper, between 600 and 700. That the institution has had a good effect on the morals, the orderliness, and the expenditure of the undergraduates, is, I believe, admitted on all hands. *Perpetua esto.*

The elections on Monday terminated in the displacement of four members of the old council. The Warden of Wadham declined coming forward. The Provost of Worcester polled less than the Rector of Exeter, the Warden of New College, and the President of St. John's. Among the professors the Provost of Oriel is the only re-elected head of a house. Dr. Pusey was returned; and Dr. Stanley, who polled equal votes with Dr. Pusey, displaces the Principal of Alban Hall. Among the members of congregation, Mr. Michell was returned at the head; and Messrs. Turner of Brasenose, and Eaton of Merton, fill the places vacated by the Rector of Exeter and Warden of New College. Among the unsuccessful candidates were Messrs. Griffiths of Wadham, and Rawlinson of Exeter.

The result is an infusion of new blood in the persons of Canon Stanley and Messrs. Eaton and Turner. Whether this change will make the council more *en rapport* with congregation, remains to be seen. At any rate, there are three heads of houses the less in the body, and the council is assuming its parliamentary position with greater distinctness—that, in fact, of sectional representation. Since this was, I think unfortunately, pressed on the university at the time of the Act of 1859, and in contradistinction to the original draught of the bill, it is as well that it should be carried out in its integrity. It would have been far better to have left congregation to make its choice from all its members, and not to have pressed its acceptance of six heads and six professors whether they willed it or no.

On Thursday the delegates of the Oxford local examinations will be elected. The body now holding that function, and which consists of twenty-one members, have held office for three years, and carried out the provisions of that important statute. In all likelihood the new body—who, by the way, are to hold office for six years, with a rotation similar to that prevailing in the council—will be constructed from those of the old who have held office hitherto, and who are familiar with the working of the scheme. Some, however, who have taken no part in the details, such as the Dean of Chichester and Dr. Sewell, the head master of Radley, will, one may presume, be unlikely to re-appear on the list of delegates. The new body will have no easy work before them, however, in settling the harmony of their scheme with that of Cambridge.

The list of candidates for the first public examination is unusually long. Two hundred and ten is considerably above the average. Again, the number of candidates for honours is larger than it has been of late, being in all thirty-six. In this number, too, it is singular that only one comes from Balliol, which your readers may remember got the whole first class to itself at Easter, and had a major-

ity among the candidates for honours. Several of those among the list of this term come from Christ Church and St. John's.

Nothing is so marked, and nothing, too, so grave, as the great decline in the numerical quantity of candidates for honours in *Literis Humanioribus*. Where, of old, fifty or sixty used to present themselves, only twenty to thirty do so now. The cause, however, of this change for the worse, is a complex one. First is the effect of what are called moderation honours, where success and failure equally deter a young man from trying his fortune a second time, while the unwisdom and publicity given to the distinction, such as it is, procured in this way, make the class of the moderation candidates of far more material value than the university ever intended for it. The new school of law and modern history has deducted some from the total of what would otherwise, may be, have appeared in the *Literis Humanioribus* School, though it has unquestionably given opportunity for distinction to those who would never have attained to classical honours. But of late years the number of successful candidates from Oxford for the Indian civil service appointments has added something, to use an Irishism, to this tendency towards diminution. Many young men who would have attempted the class schools under the ancient régime, are rendered indifferent to academical distinctions by their success in this governmental competition, which, by the way, is indirectly creating a public service university, in which honours and degrees are given, so to speak, simultaneously. To be sure, the best Oxford men do not compete for these places, a fact which should always be remembered when comparative success is advertised; and thus the number of the best candidates for honours is not diminished, but the effect of the Indian examinations is felt powerfully on the aggregate of those who would be, under the old Oxford system, second and third class men. Of these causes, one is open to remedy; and I, in common with many others, indeed, with the majority of congregation, hope that the new council will expedite a measure for lowering the rampant vigour of the moderation system.

CAMBRIDGE.

PEOPLE are asking who is to be vice-chancellor next year. The question will very soon receive a practical solution, for the present occupant of the office goes out on Saturday, November 3, and on Monday afterwards somebody must be put in the place. I daresay the thing is arranged in the minds of those who manage these matters, and we shall know all about it in good time. The reason why one feels more than usually anxious about the thing is obvious: the Prince of Wales is coming, and I may whisper into your ears that there are heads of houses who possibly might not cut a great figure in their intercourse with royalty. For the credit of the university, it is desirable that we should have a presentable man as our official head in 1861. Upon one former occasion, not long ago, Dr. Philpott, Master of St. Catherine's, was induced to take upon himself the duties of the office of vice-chancellor for a special purpose, and I daresay no fault would be found if he were to do so again, for he is very popular here, and a great favourite, they say, at Windsor. I have heard his "name mentioned;" but rumour points more steadily to the re-election of Mr. Neville, Master of Magdalene, the present vice-chancellor, and, I fancy, one of youngest holders of that office. Mr. Neville, you know, is brother of Lord Braybrooke, the Mastership of Magdalene being in the gift of the possessor of the estate of Audley End—the fine old seat of the Nevilles. It was held by the uncle of the present Master, who was dean of Windsor. Mr. Neville would be an acceptable vice-chancellor during the Prince's year.

Speaking of the Prince reminds me that there is still something indefinite about the arrangements for his residence at this university. People have taken it for granted that he would go to Trinity, but I believe the authorities of Trinity have not yet received any official communication upon the subject. They know what everybody else knows, and perhaps nothing more—namely, that the Prince Consort, at a public dinner, stated that his eldest son would spend next year at Cambridge, and that Madingley House has been taken for him and his

suite. So that it is not, or was not a few days ago, at all certain that the Prince will be a Trinity man after all. Indeed, one hears it said that it is quite possible that Magdalene will be selected as his college. In that case, he might creep in to chapel and lecture without anybody being the wiser, except the aristocratic denizens of Castle End and its fashionable neighbourhood. Fancy the Prince of Wales making his way daily through Northampton Street! If he do not go to Trinity, one would suppose there must be some special reason for it. What is it? I do not know; but people are ready enough to frame reasons of their own. You will find some saying that as Trinity Lodge is the royal residence when the Queen and her family visit Cambridge, the proper thing for the Master of Trinity to do was to vacate that establishment during the Prince's residence, and that as he did not offer to do this, offence has been taken, and the college will be "cut." I daresay this is all nonsense; and I only mention it amongst the sayings and doings of the place to show the current of people's thoughts.

I cannot blame the printer who fails to decipher my writing. Be good enough, however, to make it known that it is Mr. Beaumont, not Mr. Bramont, who is domiciled in the new Trinity hostel. There are in that building about thirty-five sets of rooms, twelve of which are completed, and the remainder, I apprehend, will be ready next term. I believe the building is not yet made over to the college; it remains the private property of the Master, and to him the rent of rooms will be paid; so that at present it is a sort of superior lodging-house. Certainly a man may do what he likes with his own; but people will talk, even about so gigantic a being as the Master of Trinity, and they say it is a pity that there should be a risk of the spoiling of a graceful and munificent act.

We are getting quite warlike again, after the lull of the long vacation. Every morning the green riflemen of the town are popping and marching on Parker's Piece from seven till eight o'clock; and every day, at one hour or other, the grey riflemen of the university are doing ditto. The spirit of the volunteer movement seems to be very well kept up, and uniforms in the streets have come to be so much a matter of course, that even the impudent little boys have ceased to make game of those whom they enclose. Next week there is to be a display of skill in shooting. The Vice-Chancellor has given a silver cup to be shot for by the university volunteers, and the match will come off on Wednesday, the 31st instant.

Many of your readers, especially if they belonged to the University Musical Society, must have a painful recollection of the miserable Town Hall of Cambridge. I am very glad to say that the disgrace which that building reflected upon the town is going to be wiped out. Not the present Town Hall itself, but adjacent buildings, have just been demolished, preparatory to the erection of public rooms and offices somewhat commensurate with the importance of the place. The existing exterior must remain for many years to come, but in a year from this time I hope to see a vast improvement within.

A syndicate has just been nominated to conduct the defence in the actions pending against the university for the exercise of the proctorial right of taking suspected women into custody. I suppose these actions will be tried in the course of next month.

It is proposed to appoint a teacher of Hindustani in the university, at a salary of £150 a year, paid out of the university chest. The Indian languages hold an important place in the examinations for the civil service in India, and many members of this university now turn their attention in that direction. Hence the proposal in question.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, October 24.

MORE horrors; and another "courtisane"—always the same thing; and this it is that they call a moral re-action! I was extremely delighted the other day with having my attention called to a most admirable article in the "National Review," upon contemporary French literature. With a talent and power I can have no pretension to emulate, I was

happy to perceive the writer of the article in question had all my ideas upon the degraded moral and social state of this country, as exemplified in its literature of fiction. I do not know when I have read anything more remarkable than the paper I allude to, and which treats of many of the recent productions of Dumas, *père* and *fils*, of "Fanny," and of the most famous and infamous of the novels and dramas of the present day in France. I am glad the men who write and think on your side of the water, should turn their attention to the mischief done by French literature; for there are among our unthinking country men and women but too many who choose to look upon French literature as "delightfully amusing."

But, as I said, here we have more horrors, and another *traviata*! The horrors are only horrible, there is nothing very immoral about them; but the *traviata* is quite on a par with the worst of her species, and she has absolutely no right to be; it is a sort of wolf-in-sheep's-clothing trick, against which one has a claim to protest. "Redemption" is the title of the piece itself, and it is from the pen of M. Octave Feuillet, a most milk-and-water kind of author, whose insipidity has been the rage with the would-be moral, because they said that all the young girls of fifteen and sixteen could be taken to see his plays and allowed to read his books. Well! Heaven help the unsuspicious father or mother who, on the faith of M. Feuillet's good repute, should take their young daughters to see "Redemption!" Finally, M. Feuillet has taken the public in, and here I revert again to the article in the "National Review": the author of it is struck, as I have so often been myself, by the lamentable proofs of wrong-thinking and wrong-feeling afforded by the pretended moralisers themselves, and here is just the most hopeless part of the whole. That they who produce immoral books and plays should feel and think immorally, is in the natural course of things; it could not be otherwise. But that they should labour under an equal mental perversity who believe they are setting wrong right: this is the worst of all, and constitutes, as I just said, a truly hopeless case. Now, here is M. Octave Feuillet, who fancies he has given to the world a work full of high moral sentiment and Christian doctrine! and what, after all, do we see in it? A most shamefully corrupt woman, to whom a priest (intended to represent what is holiest, purest, severest in the church) deliberately says that she is only so miserably unhappy "because she has never loved!" and at whose feet a most moral, pedagogical, priggish young gentleman (one of those dreadful "jeunes dogmatiques," to use M. de Montalembert's well-known phrase,) sinks down in blind idolatry, because she swears she loves him, and is about to swallow poison if he absolutely will not believe her! Now, I submit that there is in all this not one bit more morality than in the "Dame aux Camélias" or in Hugo's "Marion Delorme." It is based on precisely the same principle: on the possibility of love—not pure, ideal, virtuous, self-denying love, but love most passionate, selfish, and impure—performing the miracle of moral regeneration.

I would wish to be well understood on this point. No one acknowledging Christian traditions denies, or seeks to elude, the beautiful examples of indulgence set by our Saviour with regard, for instance, to the Magdalen and to the woman taken in adultery; but, because He condemns those who presume to judge their neighbours, that is not a reason for establishing as an abstract rule the superiority of sinners over the un sinning. Now, this is what the system of the "moralists" in France is at this present time tending to, and M. Feuillet's "Redemption" is a most conclusive proof of it. If M. Feuillet were merely a fiction-writer like the rest, I should say nothing, for "Redemption" would have nothing about it that would distinguish it from all the other productions of its kind. But M. Feuillet is not as are his brethren; he is a better, holier man; he preaches and teaches, and largely assumes upon himself that task of tutoring others which "Tom Brown" pleasantly declares must be assumed by every conscientious man who writes a book. M. Feuillet is of those who "show up their evil ways" to their less high-minded fellow-creatures; therefore, he has no right to make mistakes, and the least bad consequence of a mistake on his part is the utter con-

fusion into which those who trusted him are thrown, and the danger, which inevitably awaits them, of not discerning the difference between right and wrong.

I am glad to see that the success of "Redemption" is a somewhat problematical one. What is called "all Paris" rushes to see it, but the mass of the real public, the practical, paying, "contribuens peuples," does not bite at all at this showy bait, and I suspect its result will be more noise than half-pence.

As to the "horrors" I alluded to, there is, I repeat, no great harm in them, except that they are horrors, and of the ugliest, lowest sort. Paulin Menier, one of the finest actors on any stage, I should say, plays the part of a juggler, who, for a large sum of money, is induced to lay claim, as his own child, to a young girl brought up by a very high-born family. The plot so turns out, however, that the girl is discovered to be really his child, and then the juggler sacrifices himself for her. As to following the tangled skein of incidents through the five acts of "l'Escamoteur," that is quite impossible; but the great object of interest is Paulin Menier's acting, which really is exceedingly fine.

For the *Imperial* piece I spoke of to you in my last—the "Syrian Massacres"—the sums expended will be quite fabulous. An actor who will play *Abd-el-Kader*, and look the part well, is being sought for throughout Europe, and is to be paid any price; and camels at between eighty and a hundred guineas a-piece have been ordered from Algeria! His Majesty does not mean to allow his collaboration to pass by unhonoured or ingloriously surrounded. The prose, on which the light of the Napoleonic inspiration has been shed, is to be bound up in gold, and glitters dazzlingly in the eyes of the nation.

The "Tir National," as it was tried to entitle it, has been a perfect failure in every sense. The French showed themselves very bad shots, and the "public" took no genuine interest in the whole matter. The Belgians and Swiss were the heroes of the contest, and a Belgian carried off the great prize. Even Jules Gérard, the "lion killer," showed very small by the side of some Alpine shots, and I should doubt the attempt to imitate our rifle matches being repeated. One of the chief incidents of the entertainment was the appearance, one day, of a lady on horseback, followed by a groom, and who dismounted, and out of ten pistol shots lodged eight bullets in the bull's-eye! Her name is not known, but it is said she is an American.

As a proof of the profound corruption to which manners and morals have sunk in this country, take the following:—A young man of the name of M. Sirandin de Lacy, who had written several *vanderilles*, and gained his livelihood by his pen, bethought himself the other day of turning his wits to better account, and here is what he has invented. He has taken a shop in the fashionable *quartier* near the Boulevards and Faubourg St. Honoré, and proposes to sell *bonbons*! His patrons are plentiful, in the rich, idle, corrupt imperialist set; and in such *salons* as M. de Morny's, for instance, plans are already made for spending an hour in "Sirandin's shop," nibbling *bonbons*; and the would-be fine ladies of this day exclaim—"Besides, we must make him make *calenbourgs* for us behind his counter—*comme ce sera drôle!*" And the indignity of it all strikes no one!—neither he who plays the principal part, nor they who go to see him do so!

The level to which every thing has sunk in French civilisation is truly a low one; and whilst on one hand you are awed by the wickedness, on the other you are amazed by the nullity, and on all offended by the bad taste. And the worse it gets, the vainer they seem to grow, and the more they swear that Paris is "*la capitale du monde civilisé.*" If you dream of disputing this, they are ready with an Irishman's reason—half a foot of cold steel! They are "good at fighting;" that last resource of decaying races.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

M. MALTE-BRUN, not the old geographer, but the present editor of the "*Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*," states in that periodical that he has it from the mouth of Dr. Barth that another name has

to be added to the martyrs of geographical discovery in Central Africa—that of Dr. Roscher, who had reached Lake N'Yassa, for the first time, from the shores of Eastern Africa. During his long and painful journey he fell sick, was robbed of all he possessed by his own guides and the chief of the caravan, who was bound to protect him. He nevertheless persisted in continuing his journey. Arrived at Lake N'Yassa, he waited there for provisions which had been despatched to him from Zanzibar. Having at length received these, he started in a northern direction, and succeeded in reaching the borders of Lake Tanganyika, where he was attacked in his tent by two natives armed with poisoned arrows, and died of his wounds. Other details, for the present, are wanting. It is greatly to be desired that his papers may be discovered, as his detailed account of a journey from Lake N'Yassa to the Lake Tanganyika cannot fail to have a great interest to science.

Notwithstanding the troubled state of Italy, a letter from Rome informs us that the excavations at Ostia, under the direction of M. Visconti, are continued with great industry. Among the monuments that have been discovered, the most precious is that of the Temple of Mithra, which, for the grandeur of its proportions, the perfection of its details, and the excellent state of preservation in which its ornaments, sculpture, and inscriptions have been found, is regarded by the learned as the most remarkable hitherto known among the rare monuments dedicated by the Romans to the divinity of the Persians. On the Mosaic pavement of the temple is the following inscription:—"Soli Invict. Mit. D. D. L. Agrius Calendio;" that is, "Soli invicto Mithra dono dedit Lucius Agrius Calendio." This inscription is repeated twice in the length of the temple, the sides of which are surrounded by degrees, at the bottom of which are seen several altars. At the extremity of the edifice is the apside, reached by two steps covered with precious marble. In the centre of the steps rises the grand altar of sacrifice, before which there is found a pit. This altar of Cipollino marble, and the inscription it bears, show that it was built by Caius Coelius Hermaeros, *antistes loci*. Near the altar there are three statues of Mithraic ministers. One raises the torch aloft, the second lowers it, the third rests upon the torch extinguished. The ornaments of the temple, otherwise rich in precious marbles, are composed of two sorts of marbles, the quarries of which are lost or exhausted; but they are the rarest which Roman luxury has transmitted to us. The inscription above given does not require long commentary, for it is well known that the Romans venerated Mithra, who was worshipped by the Persians, as *Mithr*, the sun. The worship of Mithra passed from the Persians to the Egyptians, and from these to the Romans, as Plutarch attests, in the time of the war of the pirates, vanquished by Pompey, A.U.C. 687. This god was held in great veneration, under the Empire, in the second century of the Christian era, and under Commodus. The temple of Ostia appears to belong to this epoch. The worship of Mithra was abolished, according to Jerome, by the Roman Prefect Gracchus, A.D. 378.

Link by link the present century is being severed from the past. There are not many alive now who can remember the first French Revolution distinctly. One who did not figure in it very prominently, but still who was in it, has just departed, in the person of the Baron Trouvé, once a minister plenipotentiary. At the early age of twenty he was a contributor to the columns of the "Moniteur," under Marat. After the 9th Thermidor he became editor-in-chief of the official journal, to which he lent all his experience and talent, until he entered political life. He has just died at Paris, at the advanced age of ninety-three, and was probably the oldest member of the press.

We mentioned in a recent number that the Spaniards have been seized with the idea of inventing a universal language, and great names in Spanish politics and literature figure in the lists of the Universal Language Society. We did not expect to find that a similar notion is rife among some enthusiasts in Hungary. But such is the case, and the apostle of the movement is one Moses Paic, who published at Semlin a work, last year, entitled, "*Pasigraphie Mittels Arabischer Zeichen*," in

which he demonstrates that all language is capable of being written by means of the Arabic ciphers, and asserts that, his method once understood, all languages are as possible to a man as his own mother-tongue. As not many are likely to study his method, we shall not enter into details, but content ourselves with an illustration. By some process he arrives at the conclusion that the number 2439 contains the idea of man—*ἀνθρωπος*, ex ember in Hungarian; *der Mensch*, in German, and so on. He declines the noun thus:—

Nom.	2439	...	the man.
Gen.	2439	...	2 ... of the man.
Dat.	2439	...	3 ... to the man.
Acc.	2439	...	4 ... the man.
Voc.	2439	...	5 ... O man.
Instrumentative.....	2439	...	6 ... with the man.
Locative.....	2439	...	7 ... from the man.

In the plural:—

Nom.....	2439	...	0 ... the men.
Gen.....	2439	...	02 ... of the men, &c.

The plural is always distinguished by the zero. So far had we written until we discovered that there is another competitor for fame in language-making in Dr. Lichtenstein, who has published a work which has reached a second edition even—"Fasilogie oder die Weltsprache" being its title. He signs himself "Fellow of the Imperial Leopold-Caroline Academy of Natural Philosophers," and of many other learned societies. He treats not only of a universal language, but of the possibility of making the German language the sole vehicle of oral and written communication between man and man. But we cease to wonder at the Germans. Here is a novel of a new order. "Der Wunderstein Ein naturhistorisch-politischer Roman"—a natural history and political romance; a singular, surprising book, in which it proved that "man is just what he is;" that Shakspeare was only the result of haunch of venison, sirloin, claret, and ale; Goethe the product of loin of venison, with noble Rhine wine and roast chicken; but that Armida's "Enchanted Garden" was the result of fig-peckers, oranges, and sour malmsey. He shows that it will be time enough to talk of German nationality when all the Germans eat the same justice, and that German unity must be a grand national feed on first principles. This is truly a droll book, intended, in some instances, for political apothecaries, to compound from certain ingredients a man, a society, a nation. Nor is it wanting in wit. Who the author is, at present is unknown; but this will speedily be made manifest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—I am neither a London publisher nor an author of any standing. I am only a lover of fair play, and one of the numerous body in whose admiration and esteem Mr. Mudie's great public services find a sincere, if inadequate, recognition. I shall not say with what surprise and disgust I read your first offensive—I might almost say scurrilous—attack on the object of these regards. But with my disgust was mingled no alarm. I saw in its venom only the solitary secretions of some distempered mind—the cowardly stab of some "envious Casca"—and was prepared to treat it with silent contempt. I little thought that it was but the signal for a crowd of such conspirators as "Z." and "Pater-noster Row," to follow up the preconcerted attack. Luckily, however, the public is Mr. Mudie's Brutus, and until it takes a part he has no need for the despairing utterance to which his varied and extensive reading has doubtless introduced him. It is painful to reflect how severely the malice of your contributors must have wounded the amiable self-esteem of an eminent public man. However, Mr. Mudie's well-stocked mind will derive some consolation from the parallel cases of ingratitude with which history abounds. He will see that it is no new thing for the first apostle of a great truth to be also its martyr. Roman history presents a striking parallel. Publicola gave liberty to Rome, and Rome took offence at the site of his house, and accused

him of aiming at a tyranny. Mr. Mudie establishes a circulating republic of letters, and because he "enlarges his premises," he is denounced as an oligarch and a monopolist. What are the charges brought against him? I have reluctantly waded through the mess of libellous personality heaped upon him, and I find them to be these:—Mr. M. is accused, (1), of giving to publishers no more than half-price for their books, and thereby injuring trade; (2), of setting himself up as a literary censor; (3), of encouraging among his young men a system of "fibbing" or prevarication. The first charge need only be distinctly stated, and its absurdity becomes manifest. What right has X. Y. Z. to dictate to Mr. M. the amount to be given to publishers? Will they undertake to regulate his expenditure with his tobaccoist or grocer? As for the injury done to trade, I will only ask, Was Mr. M. made for trade, or trade for Mr. M.? What is the use of being six feet four if you may not put your elbows into the faces of a crowd? What in this age is the use of a great reputation if you may not cash it? Such a charge is itself a triumphant vindication. The second charge proves nothing but the ingratitude of its advocates. Mr. M. undertakes to supply the public with books, and because he nobly exceeds the letter of the contract, and takes care only to supply the best books, he is accused of impertinent presumption. Can the public be so blind to its own interests as not to see how much may be done by the conscientious, single-minded proprietor of a "select" library to purify literature, by stemming the torrents of trash which threaten to inundate this age, and turning into an orthodox channel its strong currents of intellect and morality? For the purification of a corrupt senate, Bolingbroke only demanded a patient hearing. Yet, at a greater (literary) crisis, an older generation rejects a patriot bookseller!! Besides, Mr. M.'s detractors should remember that he is not merely a bookseller. He is also, like Dr. Delany, a man. He may be, for what we know, a family man. As such, he has higher, holier claims on his conscience than even the purification of an Augean age of literature. He is bound to respect the pious prejudices of his wife or maiden aunt. Is the harmless pleasure which even an evangelical mind may derive from the possession of a new bonnet to be overshadowed by the thought that the bonnet may have been purchased by the circulation of some poisonous Tractarian work? Mr. M., happily for the public, is not a man to undervalue the influence of female piety and refinement. Besides, he cannot fail to remember how even the resolute heart of Cromwell was pierced by the righteous reproaches of Mrs. Claypole; and how, in "Ivanhoe," the high-minded Rebecca shrank from the ill-gotten gains of her sire. The public surely cannot be surprised if Mr. M. declines, as a husband, a nephew, and a dissenter, to encourage heretical works. If, a few years back, Protestant bigotry had enriched our wardrobe and our vocabulary with "Anti-Rothschild Pantaloons," would any one have ordered the article of Mr. Moses? With regard to the third charge, I would ask, Can Mr. Mudie's enemies prove that his young men are minors, and therefore not responsible for their own consciences? Can they even prove that they have any consciences at all—I mean religious consciences? I myself know a clergyman's wife who got rid at once of her religious scruples, and her objection to cold dinners on Sunday, by procuring an atheist cook. What if Mr. M. has adopted the same precaution? Still let us take the worst view of the case, and suppose that Mr. M.'s assistants all belong to a "Young Men's Evangelical Christian Association," and are at the same time obliged to prevaricate or say that "a" book is out. After all, this is little worse than the conventional "not at home," an indulgence which even squeamish morality grants to servants, public as well as private. Besides, if they do sin, it is for a great end—to secure the greatest spiritual happiness of the greatest possible number. We forbid our pew-openers to pray, and we leave our beadles to combine what spiritual sustenance they can with the care of some fifty troublesome boys. The Guardians in Plato's Republic are distinctly permitted to make a judicious "medieval" use of falsehood, provided it be for the welfare of the citizens under their care. Are, then, the guardians

of Mr. M.'s republic to be denied a privilege which was not found incompatible with the lofty purity of Plato?

But I have said more than enough to confound Mr. M.'s assailants. I rely on your candour for the insertion of my fair and courteous refutation of their unfair and licentious calumnies, and (enclosing my card), I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

PHILO-MUDEUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest the articles and correspondence in your journal with reference to Mr. C. E. Mudie and his so-called monopoly. With regard to the author's or publisher's side of the question, I know little, but as a reader I have hitherto been puzzled by that which your paper has at last made clear—the capriciousness of choice displayed by Mr. Mudie. The Liverpool Library, in which I am a shareholder, subscribes one hundred guineas a-year to Mr. Mudie, to secure a large supply of current literature to its readers. Many new books proposed by members, passed by our committee, and repeatedly ordered, are never supplied, and the great autocrat does not even deign a reason for tabooing them. I can speak positively of the following of my own proposal:—"The Eighth Commandment," by Charles Reade, ordered at least four months since, and frequently written for since; "Wedded and Winnowed;" and "The Evil Eye," by William Carleton. Surely if the publishers of England will it, a combination powerful enough to destroy any monopoly can be effected, and in serving their own interests they will likewise earn the thanks of the reading public.

—Yours respectfully,
Liverpool, Oct. 24, 1860.

SENEC.

We venture to lay before our readers the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Guardian*:—

"Sir,—As Mr. Mudie has thought it well to publish his reasons for the suppression of 'Miriam May,' and his measures to accomplish it, I must in justice to myself beg you to allow me as publicly to assert that his letter, so far as it affects my book, is from end to end untrue.

"He says that 'the trade history of the book is peculiar, and somewhat instructive.' There might possibly be something in this if Mr. Mudie would only say in what these appearances consist. Without being at all in collusion with him, perhaps I can confirm this in a manner the very least expected by him. If any one did say that 'the first edition had been bought up by Mudie,' neither author, I know, nor publisher, I am sure, uttered the untruth at all, much less in so familiar a way. I really cannot help what Mr. Mudie heard. It rarely does to act on sounds. He did not hear it from those alone concerned. Then he says 'came letters beseeching me to take the book.' This shows Mr. Mudie as the exceedingly strong, stern person, the judge of all things literary, with the suppliant 'beseeching' at his feet. This would be an interesting picture, particularly when we hear how his heart was subsequently softened for a time. But it is in a measure spoiled by not being in any measure true. I did write to Mr. Mudie, begging him to be just, and offering to refer 'Miriam May' to two of the most eminent men in England—men whom I did not know personally, but who, I had reason to believe, as Mr. Mudie assumed to reject the book on public grounds, would have kindly acted as judges in the matter. This offer Mr. Mudie thought it well to decline. It formed no part of his purpose to accept it, and perhaps here the 'instructive' part of the transaction begins. He was determined, so far as he could, to crush the book.

"About three weeks after the publication of 'Miriam May,' a clerk, I am told, on behalf of the publishers, called on Mr. Mudie for his final decision, and it was so suggestive, whilst so terrible, that it has somehow been preserved.—'I will take fifty copies to oblige the publishers, but I know I shall have to withdraw it.' I might, perhaps, stop here, leaving this 'instructive' and anticipatory remark to tell its own tale; but for the sake of so great a library as Mr. Mudie's I shall say a little more. It was from this moment clear what his attitude would

be. He had determined before he took the book, if words mean anything, to withdraw it. But this is not nearly all. During those three weeks, whilst the book was furnishing matter for Mr. Mudie's criticism, whilst it was in his own hands, the suppressing machinery was in full force downstairs. The public throughout those three weeks were told 'it wasn't out.' I happen to know one lady who ten times asked for it, and was ten times told 'it wasn't out.' Mr. Mudie is minded to omit any reference to this little fact, but should he be rude enough and unwise enough to contradict me, I will send you the names of those with whom I know the liberty was taken. All this is very 'instructive,' as Mr. Mudie says. It is a sort of 'instruction' which I should hope is likely to affect his subscribers; but I have not the means of believing that it is at all 'peculiar.' Now the question arises, why should my book be taken in large numbers at every other library, and be tabooed at Mr. Mudie's in so underhand a way? I have received the most egotistic notices of it through the press, and through the post. The sale has, I understand, been equal to that of 'Paul Ferrall.' Messrs. Routledge have bought it well to purchase the copyright of me and to publish it in a cheap form; and I have received in the most complimentary terms the permission of Sir E. B. Lytton to dedicate my next work to him. Mr. Mudie says (and the 'instructive' element is again at work), 'I will not knowingly circulate a work of fiction which egregiously misrepresents the views of any religious party,' and further on, 'The whole thing is grossly overdone.' Much nonsense in many hard words. I really cannot help this, even to oblige the keeper of a public library. 'Miriam May' is true. That it should seem 'exaggerated' or 'overdone,' or what not, to Mr. Mudie, only shows the folly and the evil of such an unqualified person intruding himself as a critic. Mr. Mudie says I 'egregiously misrepresent.' You will permit me to assert that I have simply stated facts—the possibility or the probability of which I shall not stop to explain to Mr. Mudie. It may quite possibly appear suggestive to your readers that he does not think it necessary at all to suppress works of a very different tendency.

"THE AUTHOR OF 'MIRIAM MAY.'
"Oct. 19, 1860."

TURKISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Although unwilling to trespass on your valuable space, or to appear to give way to any egotistical loquacity, I must beg to be allowed to acknowledge publicly, by the insertion of these few lines, the honour you have done by the very able article which appeared on October 13, on the subject of my "Treatise on Political Economy" in Turkish.

It may perhaps be interesting to you to know that I have received a letter from his Excellency the Turkish Ambassador (a copy of the Turkish original of which I inclose), in which the opinion expressed strikingly coincides with yours. After saying "that he has understood my 'Treatise,' the pleasant letter he received from me, that he approves of what I have done, accepts the copy sent to him with the most perfect obligation, and that he hastens to offer his most sincere corresponding thanks," he adds, "that a little of the writing being difficult to read [owing to the marks made in the lithographing mentioned in your article], perhaps decreases its real value, and that the book should be printed or written in letters similar to print, and that he will then draw the attention of the sublime nation to my 'Treatise.'"

This kind advice on the part of his Excellency I shall of course follow in a possible future edition. But there is another consideration which leads me to think that you are fully justified, although I say it myself, in giving attention to this "Treatise;" for, apart from whatever merits it may possess, and its possible usefulness in the East, as showing that Englishmen can acquire Oriental languages, and as refuting the dishonourable aspersion to the contrary, it is not devoid of usefulness, and would not have been written in vain, had this object alone been attained.

Do I venture too far in saying, that I think if efforts had been made to introduce the substance

and spirit of our literature into the East, and if English influence (always tending to the progress and welfare of mankind) had been upheld by English functionaries conversant with the language of the country, the late disasters and the present intricacies in the East might have been averted and ameliorated?

It is a strange fact that now, when we are all expecting great changes in the East, and that a great empire may be lost to us thereby, that we play our part in this great diplomatic game by proxy—by foreign interpreters, while France and Russia—I do not blame them—have their own countrymen, competent, Oriental scholars, to work for them. What result can be expected when we are told—as in the "Times" some twelve months since—of "the dissatisfaction of the English residents in Turkey at having no gentlemen of English birth, conversant with the language, connected with the English Government?"

The inconvenience of interpreters in general, not to speak of the expense of such incumbrance, even when men of undoubted honesty, has been felt by so many in their own private experience, and is so well acknowledged a fact, that it is almost unnecessary to say a word on the subject; but when we remember, although it may not be generally known, that the Turkish language, from its very difficulty, gives an enormous power into the hands of the interpreter, when words can be interpreted in a dozen different ways, and an Oriental disgusted by the use of one of many synonyms which do not exist in English, I think, with such tools to work with as English diplomatists generally ignorant of the language, and foreign interpreters, we stand but little chance in the great diplomatic game now playing.

Indeed, so strange is the fact that English diplomatists and consuls are, in general, utterly ignorant of the languages, and that many have resided in the country years without knowing scarcely a word, that it would appear almost incredible were it not supported but by too good authority.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "ILM TEDBIRI MILK."

P.S.—As I do not know whether I am at liberty to publish the letter from the Turkish Ambassador, I send it for your perusal. I have also received letters expressing a very favourable opinion of my "Treatise," from Sir H. Rawlinson, K.C.B., Max Müller, Dr. Cull, and A. H. Bleek, Esq.; that of the latter gentleman I have received permission to publish, and enclose accordingly.

[Copy of a letter from A. H. Bleek, Esq., late of the British Museum, author of a Persian Grammar and other works on Oriental languages:—

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your curious and interesting Turkish treatise on political economy. It has appeared at a most opportune time, for the ignorance of the Turks in everything connected with political science is complete, and the necessity which exists for enlightening them is so forcibly pointed out by the special correspondent of the 'Times' in his letter from Syria, that I cannot do better than cite the following passage, which would seem to have been written *apropos* of your treatise:—

"Finance to the people of Islam seems to be a sealed book, which no one of the followers of the Prophet has yet ventured to open. Next to the general ignorance of all classes, perhaps ignorance of this one subject of finance, and even in its simplest principles, is most fraught with danger and trouble to the empire."

"Your work is admirably calculated to dispel this gross ignorance, and I trust it may obtain a large circulation among the Turks. The clearness with which you have treated so abstruse a science in one of the most difficult of Oriental languages, is beyond all praise, nor must I omit to mention that you have succeeded admirably in clothing European ideas in strictly Turkish phraseology, so much so, that I should have imagined the work the genuine production of some civilised Ottoman graybeard. The last chapter, in which you turn the fatalistic arguments of the Turks against themselves, is excellently imagined, and contains some sly irony which ought to be appreciated by even Ottoman dulness."

"One word in conclusion as to the handwriting, which is so thoroughly Turkish, that your book

might well pass for a native MS. Wishing you the success you so justly deserve, believe me to remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"A. H. BLEEK."]

AT CAPTAIN PARKER SNOW'S request we quote the following letter from the columns of the "Morning Post," addressed to the editor:—"SIR,—Will you have the kindness to give publicity to this letter concerning my intended renewal of search? My hopes were to have found means to leave here at the end of November, taking the Behring Straits route. But causes which I need not at present explain have prevented this. The funds are not sufficient. Accordingly, I requested my committee to give me their opinion on certain suggestions I laid before them. The following is the result:—"Oct. 15, 1860.—Present: Dr. Hodgkin, Foreign Secretary Royal Geographical Society; Mr. John Barrow, F.R.G.S.; and Dr. Norton Shaw, Secretary Royal Geographical Society. Read a communication from Captain Snow and the opinion of Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan (who was absent in the country), on the subject of the proposed expedition in search of the Franklin relics, when it was decided that, under present circumstances, it be not desirable to despatch the expedition during this year, but that Captain Snow be requested, in conformity with his own expressed wishes, to continue his exertions in support of this proposed search.' It is now my intention to persevere, with the hope of sailing in March, either as originally planned (only by the eastern route at less expense), or in a properly equipped boat expedition. For the latter there will be sufficient funds; but it may be that enough will be raised by spring to carry out the former plan and have a small vessel. At all events, should my health be spared, and other circumstances permit, I now see no difficulty to my departure. Meanwhile subscriptions will be received at the bankers, Messrs. Bidolph, Cox, and Co.; or the names of those willing to aid by subscriptions, when called upon, can be forwarded to my address. It is due to myself to say that all subscriptions remain either at the bankers' or in the subscribers' own hands, unless otherwise expressed by themselves. The preliminary expenses are defrayed by the one lady (not Lady Franklin) who has taken so generous an interest in my plans for renewed search, as also by my own exertions.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, W. PARKER SNOW."

THE GREAT CLOCK BELLS.—The following communication from Mr. Thomas Walesby has been recently published:—"On or about the 6th of October, 1859, the author of the present letter offered a suggestion in the 'Times,' and subsequently in the 'Globe' to the following effect:—The Great Bell—Big Ben the Second—at Westminster Palace, having been silenced, let the clock strike the hours, *pro tem*, upon the largest of the four chime bells, which ought to admit a deeper note than that of the hour bell at the Abbey—the other bells being mute. And this proposal was approved by musicians as well as by campanologists. Yet the great clock has not been permitted to strike up to this moment; so that twelve months have elapsed since the hour was indicated by the sound of a bell—a space of time more than sufficient for designing, casting, and hanging one of the finest peals of twelve bells in the world. Now, whatever may have been the different opinions as to the condition of the great bell, or with regard to the chimes, so far as we know there can be no reasonable excuse for the non-employment—long before this—of the largest chime bell above-mentioned, as a temporary substitute for Big Ben. Moreover, upwards of four months ago the Chief Commissioner of her Majesty's Works stated in the House of Commons that means would be used for causing the clock to strike the hours upon the largest quarter (chime) bell. And a great critic, 'Punch,' said in his 'Essence of Parliament':—"1860, June 4, Monday.—By far the most important Parliamentary statement of the week is that, Big Ben being irretrievably cracked, and London being melancholy at not hearing a voice from the Golden Tower, the hours are to be struck on the largest quarter bell.' Why, then, let me ask, does it continue silent?"

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WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

1st September, 1860.

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